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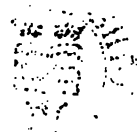
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JOB:

A SACRED DRAMA.

BY

JOHN ASHFORD,

AUTHOR OF THE

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PART I.

H E A V E N .

Angels in low sphere—Hark! hark! Heard faintly hallelujahs
come,

From height above all height—creation's dome ;
Where yonder, all the stars and suns above,
Hazed in a clime of wisdom, bliss, and love ;
God, God, Jehovah—everlasting Lord.
Father, Almighty ; beatified, ador'd,
Fills with ineffable glory heaven's throne ;
Supreme, supernal—unapproachable, alone.

Other Angels.—Aloft, with suns in wheeling circles crown'd,
His footstool distant beaming, ball on ball ;
With clime of matchless, fadeless fulgence round :
Pervading sceptre bending over all,—
He there, Omnipotence, Ubiquity
Perceiv'd but not beheld, the whole beholds ;
As all that was, and is, and yet shall be,
Ever and ever to his gaze unfolds :
And light, and life, and motion, from His gaze,
Fill all, as He the universe surveys.

Angels in lower sphere.—How thus describe the never-seen ?

Angels above. So told

The Holy Ghost, who the hidden doth unfold.

Angels in high sphere.—Behold where now those bright unnumber'd throngs,

Who joyous sang the lofty songs,

Heard through all heaven, grand music peal !

Heard where in radiant orbit far,

Rolls blest the utmost righteous star—

Silent before the Throne adoring kneel.

Other Angels.—They are the seventy million rose-plumed who,

Their crowded white forms starring roseate skies,

Now face the Throne's immaculate blinding glow,

And bending, screen with wings adoring eyes.

Now from their faces pinions nimbly move,

The throngs of seraphs rise ; they rise as one,

Now stand hushed—motionless : so speechless love,

Beatific vision, thrills them from the Throne.

Angels in low sphere.—Behold in streaming curves they glide away,

And melts the clime they brought, the clime of rose ;

And all about the zenith-ray

Shines glorious in stainless glows :

And thrilling silence fills again

Heaven's cities, vales, her every mount and plain.

Angels in high sphere.—Hark, Angels, hark !

Descends from height supernal, hymn :

How soft as yet its tones we mark !

Approach the blue-winged Seraphim.

Chorus of Angels.—Loud, loud ; more loud, and yet more loud
and loud,

Roll down the waves melodious, spreading round.

We burn, we melt, o'erwhelm'd in music-flood,

These heaving heavens reel and rock with sound.

And all is filled with melody,

One harmony, one harmony.

Other Angels.—Now wane the hymns ; they wane away ;
And yonder thronged seraphic fires ;
Mid joy's incense their golden lyres,
Before the Father's throne do lay ;
And silence universal reigns
Through heaven's unmeasur'd shining plains.

Other Angels.—How beautiful heaven's golden hue,
Yon seraphs tint with tender blue !
It stirs—it parts—they spread the wing :
They strike the lyre, adoring sing.
They go ; and, gliding slow away,
Bear from high heaven an azure day.

Angels in high sphere.—Trumpets we hear ! It is their hymn,
They come—the gold-plumed Cherubim ;
In moving dimness we behold,
Gold in a clime of gold ;
The hosts like glittering oceans glide :
Harmonious now on wing they wheel,
And as half-orbed their ranks divide,
Upon the crystal seas they kneel ;
And heaven's air reposes still
On every valley, every hill.

Other Angels.—The bright ranks rise, and flashing high
Twinkle unnumber'd golden lyres :
They ardent sing the melody,
Adoring God, inspires.
And as on wing they grandly go,
Swells more full-toned the lofty hymn :
It passes—sounds afar and low,
Whilst fade the gold-plumed Cherubim.
And as ebbs wave of the music-flood,
Lo ! others from the angel-zone
That circles heaven, bright multitude,
Adoring, float towards the Throne ;

Throne yonder, where, like piles of ambient clouds,
 Dark from excess of light ;
 Dim from unmeasur'd height ;
 Intolerable radiance, God, our Father, shrouds.

Other Angels.—But ah ! the everlasting rays,
 Where dwell the Father, Spirit, and the Son ;
 Not loftiest seraphs, seeking knowledge, gaze
 On the inner-wonderful, reveal'd to none.
 For if created being would draw nigh,
 All curious, prone, the Godhead to behold ;
 Lightwhelmed it screens the fulgence-vanquished eye ;
 And staggered by blinding glory downward rolled,
 Halts in its course, and humbleness there learns ;
 Content with distant vision—praises—burns.

Angels in lower sphere.—How beauteous grows yon clime of
 tender green,

Where cherubs, verdant-winged, float on serene !
 Their plumes are like the waves of ocean, where
 They gleam suffused in emerald-misted air.

Other Angels.—What sumless multitudes must pass ere all
 The loftiest of the Seraphim—
 The humblest of the Cherubim
 Before the throne of bliss shall fall,
 There fade, engulfed in God's own light,
 Beheld alone by the Most High ;
 There, near the height above all height,
 Kneel—burn—in speechless ecstasy !

Angels in low sphere.—Again is still heaven's matchless day,
 The verdant-plumed have winged away ;
 And nought save spotless glory-flood,
 O'erarching all above us glows,
 Of light unmeasured solitude ;
 Deep, holy, undisturbed, repose.

Angel in lowest sphere.—I see

As though of stars a cluster fell,
The form, serene and bright, of Raphael,
Shoot down the auster heavens. 'Tis he !

Raphael.—Bright warders who this circle watch with eye-like face,
Your ruby wings o'erarching gates of heaven impearled ;
As gaze ye through wide portals into depths of space,
See ye Immortals rise from earth—that dim far world ?

Angels.—Seraph ! We see,
Like stars, far gleaming, three ;
As they wing nearer, lo !
The plumes which now distinguish'd glow,
Proclaim them four,
To be.
Nay, more—
Faith, Patience, Truth, Hope, Charity,
The tranquil air cleave rapidly ;
Soar eagerly, and soar.

Raphael.—They halt ere enter heaven—wing-wearied, now recline
On cloud-banks, and seem flowers on mists soft opalline,
Surging in splendours, where the ruby sapphire ray
Sheds round in gorgeous gleams a various-coloured day.

Warder-Angels.—Now as we, fragrant silver air, gaze through ;
Air that, white-threaded veils yon lake, which, blue,
Like a round turquoise lies ; we, joy'd, behold
Th' earth spirits rise and pace its shores of gold ;
They twinkle white mid glows that slumber calm
Like rainbows that ne'er melt : now golden palm.
Each culls, and kisses ; now, their lyres unstring,
Now spread glad wings. Hark ! Grow the songs they sing :

Earth's Spirits sing.—Holy, holy, holy realms of peace,
Where bliss, where love can never cease,
But all in calm eternal dwells !
Thrice happy fields of joy and light,
For ever bright—for ever bright ;

Oh, Heaven ! dear native hills and dells.
 How sweet to sip your joys again,
 Come from abode of wretched man,
 Pain's, sin's, and sorrow's dreary zone !
 Thence by our Father's will dismissed,
 Left free to seek these regions blest,
 We soar, to bow before His Throne.

Warder-Angels.—Earth's spirits, welcome to heaven,
 To whom it is given,
 To bless that doleful star,
 Which rolls in orbit dark and far :
 Earth—Star, but for ye,
 All pain, and all gloom, and all misery.

Earth's Spirits.—Ah ! bliss too full. Ah ! too entrancing !
 Our very harps with joy are glancing,
 Since in our fellow-angels' presence now ;
 No marvel that these floods of rapture,
 Our bosoms warm, and melt, and capture,
 And since around redundant in us flow.

An Angel.—Hark ! O'er us wings, in rise and fall
 Rustling, these spheres make musical.

An Angel.—Raphael hovers o'er yon jasper sea ;
 Earth's spirits, list ! the seraph speaks to ye.

Raphael.—Found faithful, vigilant. Oh, well-belov'd
 Guardians of man ! Ere ye did now return
 To these bright native climes beatific ; mov'd
 By light that in ye wanes ; again to burn
 Before our Father's Throne, and inhale thence
 Anew, light, strength, and rapture ; to disperse
 O'er yonder blighted world. Oh, ere ye beat
 Glad wing, to the universe's centre soared ;
 Beheld with smiles the Sire Omnipotent,
 That all the mortal servants of Him, Lord ;
 Beings of yonder star, where you must stay,

Till time shall be no more, you left well guarded,
That powers of Lucifer be off them warded,
Now ye're away.

Earth's Spirits and Warder-Angels.—Delights ambrosial fill
Their being who have done His will,
Of joy, delightful flood ;
None were rebellious, did all know
The pangs then sown ; what bliss doth flow
From service paid to God.

Earth's Spirits.—Lov'd Raphael, as of old the mildly bright ;
We lingered on the wing around our star ;
Till Satan rose—emerged in sullen flight,
Booming through earth's gross, mantling air.
Then we ascended, but in voyaging space
The archfiend in view held, lest he'd flight retrace :
Till numerous worlds that his return forbade
Were past ; and left in rear those stars which round
One sun, with earth, revolve in orb'd bound.

Warder-Angels.—Doubtless the Prince of Darkness, foe of all
Found good, hence blest in heaven—in every ball,
Has knowledge of celestial jubilee :
And since immortal hatred, rage, pervade
His spirit, he comes to mar its harmony ;
With scorn assum'd ill, to insult the Lord ;
Or angels wrong, with base spiteful fraud.

Raphael.—Ere earth he left, this voyage to heaven was known ;
But trouble none, for 'tis decreed he'll rise
No loftier than these nether border skies—
But I must soar—updrawn towards the Throne.

Earth's Spirits.—Oh ! beautiful
Raphael,

He cleaves the lucid skies, how fair !
He halts—now stands on bright mid-air.

Raphael.—Lo ! Where the ardent angel of your sun,

Now enters heaven at the orient gate ;
 The angels of the stars that round him run,
 In orb'd effulgence swell his flying state.
 See ! Where his rapid wings of flaming plumes,
 Feathered by shafts of crimson fire, o'erstreak
 The brilliant air of heaven with tender glooms :
 So in the worlds he lights, their mornings break.
 When seventy million cherubs, whom yon flood
 Of glory screens, wing forth, and others soar ;
 Approach with him and them the throne of God,
 Your hour, earth's angels, then, to worship, burn, adore.

Earth's Spirits.—Flashing in brightness o'er the bright, the fair
 Archangel streaming floats on heaven's blue ;
 Like mists of ringlet-light his golden hair,
 Moves cloudwise, now in glory melts from view.

Angels in lowest spheres.—At all heaven's gates what dazzling
 hosts, behold,
 Crowd—pass—like streaming regions surging gold,
 And like to murmuring music-oceans, rise
 And fall their hymns adoring through the skies.

Earth's Spirits.—Glorious ! More numerous far than stars at night,
 Man from his world low dreary views,
 Through heaven's height, depth, and breadth, the sons of light
 Sparkle in pure ethereal hues.
 And as those stars from earth are dimm'd by day,
 So angels fade as near'd light's zenith-ray.

Hope.—When Raphael soaring towards that brightness, faded
 In beam intolerable, I seemed to see
 The Lord, 'mid sever'd glory ; and eyes shaded,
 And on this ether bow'd ; such vision high
 Of the Beatified o'erwhelm'd me. Oh !
 That glance approving told that, when in space
 Far earth shall change, that then 'mid cloudless glow
 I shall promoted be, behold God's face.

Faith.—Hope! Smiling cherub of the beamwreath'd hair,
Who born of Mercy into being sprung :
When Adam fallen from God, in dumb despair
Wander'd with Eve, earth's untried scenes among ;
And turning oft, gazed back with tearful eyes,
Where flaming swords, high wav'd by Cherubim,
Like moving sunsets shone o'er paradise,
Thou, Hope, amid his anguish, came to him,
And with thy smiles lit up a happier day ;
And with immortal aspiration's thrill,
The glooms that veiled the present rolled away.
Fond Hope ! Thou in the future dwellest still.

Peace.—Content in these delicious regions, blest
With their eternal quiet, Peace would ever rest.

Angels.—The silence of our aërial halls,
Sound rarely wakes, save when arise,
Like distant murmuring waterfalls,
The spheral harmonies.

Faith.—Enough for Faith th' unutterable delight
That feels God smiles on me, that knows His might
Will ever shield me, though yon world on world,
Spangling blue ether, we revolving see,
To darkness and nonentity be hurled :
Oh ! bliss supreme is this ! Suffices me
To know He is, albeit invisible ;
To see him in His works, grand, beautiful.

Charity.—Immortals, when, as now, on stars reclining,
We mark ambrosial bliss pervading, shining
Creation through, what can we covet more ?
When o'er each golden sea, each roseate shore,
From faithful worlds throughout all space, alighted,
Seraphic legions wing, or pace delighted ;
Or lapp'd in fadeless silvery lilies, sleep
Celestial slumbers, through harmonious hours ;

Where nought may come to bid them sigh or weep,
Ah ! then what rich, full, deep, contentment ours !

Mercy.—Alas ! From God-presenced eternity,
This joyous, spotless, ineffable clime,
How sad the change to that dim orb, where we
Must minister till past the things of time !

Patience.—Let us forget that world ; earth's thoughts, alloy
E'er mingle with the sternest angel's joy.

An Angel.—What do men deem of us ?

Truth. That ye have wings,
And evermore bright grade relieving grade,
Around, beneath God, warble serenade ;
Or ever bow before the eternal Throne
Playing gold harps, with amaranth-wreathed wires ;
They count not of unmeasur'd voyagings,
When doing God's behests, unwaning fires,
Ye traverse space from zone to zone and zone.

An Angel.—And what of God ?

Truth. So man's deform'd by sin,
Ye'd scarce believe did we relate ; such low,
Such monstrous forms, he clothes The Glorious in,
'T would wake your scorn and ridicule to know.
If folly of a fellow-being could
Bring aught save pity, grief, for angelhood.

Faith.—Hark ! Comes, from spheres beneath, a rushing sound
Like that the deluge roar'd when earth it drown'd ;
And skies, it seemed, in one great weeping shed
The tears, at human fall, long husbanded.

Truth.—Hark ! Lo ! It peals as when from longfelt sleep
Earth's oceans started and roar'd loud, " we're free."
And from their central seats, her mounts did leap,
Look'd forth and bellow'd wonder new ; whilst we
'Mid havoc dire to neighbouring planet fled.

Charity.—In silence sorrow'd there, for flesh was dead,

Save where, in ark, we watch'd the remnant swim.

Peace.—Then burn'd the sun through lonely holyday ;

And on an universal ocean's brim,

Arose and sat ; nor creature mark'd his ray.

Faith.—That rushing sound again—the air grows dim.

Angels in higher sphere.—Floods of light and odour-gales,

As when deigns speak the Lord ;

With fragrance wreathes heaven's hills and dales.

Hark ! to The Word !

GOD :

Thrones, princes, powers, dominions, myriads of heaven, know

The demon of the earth, e'en Lucifer, my foe

And yours, approaches fast, these happy, bright abodes.

But hierarchies of light ! e'er blest since ever true ;

Though outer sphere profound, with air-quake trembles, nods,

Aghast at evil's neighbourhood, 'twill near not you :

The arch-fiend malignant, disobedient, leave to me,

Only have firm allegiance to my Sovereignty.

All Angels.—Holy, holy, holy Lord !

Enough for us Thy everlasting Word.

Did not Thy love restrain

The fate of all,

Who fail'd to keep their first free state,

In primal war ;

Hell's sorrows, Satan's hate,

Immortal pain,

Thy servants warn from second fall.

Eternal Sire ! We, joy'd, obey Thy word,

Thankful, we worship Thee. Thee, Lord,

Adore.

Warder-Angels.—Look down—Lucifer approaches—far,

His moving form, yet dim, we trace ;

Gloomy he wheels like sable star

Murk spot, in yonder arc of space :

His atmosphere of growing glooms,
Spreads fast, and veils more blessed light :
As palpable in darkness looms
The fiend, and seems a crescent night.
A purple night that nearing spreads
And bringing gloom reveals the stars.
A glory dimmed, that moving sheds
Dusk clime of sorrow o'er the spheres.
Hark ! Thunderplumed his wings roll peals,
With soaring flappings regions shake.
Hark ! whirlwinds rise as on he wheels,
Breathing far lightnings o'er the opaque.
An empyrean wombing night
Which moves, he looks as on he sails,
What lurid gloom attends his flight,
And realms in widening circles veils !
Behold, towards heaven's northern walls
Of adamant he's steering now ;
Coasting, where lustrous citadels,
Reflect his form, and dusky grow.
Yes, fades the bourne of heaven, where
Sways to and fro long-leagued his form ;
Lading the oppressed, unwilling air,
That groans, as neared unwonted storm :
Lo ! unpolluted beams before
Him flee ; all loathing Lucifer,
They crowd away, tumultuous soar,
As comes the Prince of Darkness near.
Beamwhelmed heaven's border-banners shake,
Farstreaming, outer shade illumine ;
But heaven's foundations nought may wake,
Nor here come aught to soil or gloom.
Not tending night the fiend may dare
To God's immaculate dwelling bring ;

Gloom must await without, and there,
With twilight, Satan plume his wing.
Hell's baleful shades ne'er enter heaven,
Heaven darts through darkness sudden ray.
Lo, beams wage war ; and rearward driven,
The shades retreat from field of day.
They, sable mountain masses, roll,
And heaving, rugged, sloping back,
In dragon-like abhorrent scroll,
With struggling surges dim a track ;
But where is past the arch-fiend immense,
Renewed in day, far circles shine,
Though round him floating night hangs dense,
Where never enters beam divine.
Oh ! how immense and dreadful as he nears,
Grows the Archangel fall'n, obscuring spheres !
Behold ! he slackens wings of mighty flight,
Now halts, as halted slow, a purple night,
Staggering all its stars—and now on high
He lifts his gaze of hate and fell remorse :
Now scans with weary glance the orient sky,
As if forgetful of the heavenward course :
As he looks up, like moonlit oceans drear
His visage gleams, through gloom-clouds of his hair.
New-vigoured now Lucifer flies,
With bounds enormous clears the skies,
Still as he comes his rugged plumes
Seem storm-waves toss'd by hurricanes :
Edged with pale realms, whose yawning glooms,
As heaven is neared, grow twilit plains.
Like evening hangs his brightening form ;
O'er oceanic space below ;
His wings that flap no more the storm,
Arise like morns in light that grow.

See where he lifts disdainful gaze
 On high to calm immaculate sphere :
 Now, haggard, turns, nor eye may raise
 To God's pure glory shining there.
 How baleful, wretched, vengeful, dim
 He stands, revealed by hallow'd beam.
 Looks a dimmed sun that, gloomward hurled,
 Blesses no more surrounding world ;
 But mars the glory of the sky,
 Refusing to shine in harmony.
 Again he lifts his wing—doth rise,—
 Through bourne of heaven Satan flies.

Angels in high sphere.—Floods of light and odorous gales
 Are rolling o'er heaven's hills and vales,
 Behold ! the cloud of glory breaks,
 Hark ! Lord Messiah speaks.

Christ.—Hear, angels in every border-sphere,
 God wills that Mercy shall remain,
 Where cumbent bourne of heaven and outer plain,
 The immaculate with the illimitable blend :
 Angels of border-spheres ascend.

Angels in low sphere.—Our joy grows as we soaring fly,
 Some circles draw more near our God ;
 Full bliss is ours more pure and high,
 As we approach the Bright Abode.

Mercy.—Lord Christ, God's all-wise will be done,
 Here Mercy stays : meets Lucifer alone.

Angels.—Hark ! tremble outer spheres with evil sound.

Christ.—But let none fear whom God's own arms surround.

Mercy.—Lord Christ, our gracious Father calms my fears ;
 Though I'm alone, and Prince of evil nears,
 And darkness—Satan comes, he enters, now,
 These nether heavens, with wing of haughty sweep ;
 He scorns before the Highest's Throne to bow,

But with defiant face that woes plough deep,
 Alights in centre of yon jasper sea,
 There stands, proud, lone : nor bends his mountlike knee ;
 His wing droops low, as fell cloud-feathered storm,
 Where like a night in day looms Satan's form.

Angels on high.—His gaze the pearly shores around doth dim,
 As mute, with dread fix'd eyes, he them beholds ;
 His dusky pinions wrap each fiery limb,
 As musing deep, entranc'd his spirit holds,
 Now towards high heaven his baleful glance is sent,
 But not his troubled eye beholds us, where
 Folded in arms of the Omnipotent,
 Him, view we shrin'd in light, tier above tier :
 Laden with pride, rage, hate, he droops. Now wakes
 From thought tremendous—gloomy Satan speaks.

Satan.—Shunn'd me ! When slop'd my wings from regions dim
 Of unform'd worlds ; the devious course they flew
 To cloud me from earth's spirits ; when chaos-tost,
 I, struggling, sad, emerg'd from turmoil, gloom ;
 And, weary, enter'd zone serene, and blue—
 Then, where tower yonder, crystal battlements,
 I saw gaze down some shining seraphim :
 They watched me probe heaven's planet-pebbled coast,
 And voyage, lone, with systems strange around.
 Spheres, where not long past, I remember, sound
 Nor form was ; but absolute silence, grim
 Void, shapeless solitude, alone. When will
 He cease creating ? Haply, when, shall fill,
 His creatures, every vacuum, and is left
 No realm of desolation : thus, bereft
 Of void, I must destroy ; curse what He'd bless,
 Thwart what he loves, I hate—good, happiness.
 Yes, they are fled ; retired to bright cloud-tents.
 'Tis well : I'd be alone. Time was, when, from
 Doing His proud behests, returned, my course

The immeasurable circuit of the universe ;
Soon as, 'thwart yonder sun-lin'd road, did loom
My form, they'd fly to meet me : myriads would fling
Angelic arms around me, myriads cling
With kiss ambrosial to these lips. So vast
The throngs, that yonder Highest sate aghast
With envy, trembling for His Throne. But they're not here,
They fell with me, too proud for bliss in fear.

Angels.—His groans the concave wake above, around.

Satan.—Would God had fall'n, descended, crashing spheres,
Follow'd by rout of worlds ; dimmed suns, and stars :
Then thron'd in night, his wreck I'd towered o'er ;
And light, and bliss, and good, had been no more ;
But through a hopeless, dark eternity,
The universe's ruins o'er God should lie.

Mercy.—His head, like night with thunder-clouds o'er-roll'd,
Droops ; tears of malice lave his woe-riv'n cheeks,
And star the crystal seas : hark ! Hollow sound
His groans, his sighs : again Lucifer speaks.

Satan.—Oh ! happy fields of joy ! Fair realms of light
Which shadows never know ; but ever bright
Shine in unspotted splendours ! Blissful vales
For ever fragrant with celestial gales !
Oh ! far receding plains, asleep in gold !
Oh ! stilly mountains of ethereal hue ;
That arch heaven's skies like rainbows, and enfold
Oceans for ever calm and softly blue !
Oh ! alabaster palaces which there
Mirror'd in wide-spread azure, changeless fair,
Stand large in lustrous beauty ; whose bright domes
Swell high like skies o'er earth at noon, when looms
Her sun through fulgence ; and whose porticoes
With pillars interminable, white, sweep,
In marble slumbers, round each tranquil shore,
Sanded with golden crystals ; and whose flights,

Of thousand ivory steps updrawn to heights
 Where bend immortal trees their turrets o'er.
 Oh ! palaces, abodes of Gods, where sleep
 From flowers e'er-blooming, hues of purple, rose—
 How glorious ye, with no fair sculpture changed !
 Uncrumbled, as when ye were rear'd, or last
 Ye met these eyes ! which over hell have rang'd
 Or earth. Dim globe ! I scorn as I abhor.
 Delicious happy heaven ! Ah ! me, how glow
 Thy gorgeous climes ! How sweet thy zephyrs move
 The banks of amaranths that varied blow !
 Stir fadeless lilies, beds for angels' love !
 Things beauteous, fond once ! Charms I may caress
 No more, for near'd your loveliness my breath
 Ye'd shrink from me, wear aspect foul ! Ay me,
 The misery of being shunn'd by bliss :
 Only companioned by sin, woe, and death.
 Away ! I'll view no more your selfish gracefulness ;
 For scorn's such enervating mockery.
 And know fair scenes ! not long your smiles should light
 These heavens, if power was mine, for deadliest night
 I'd o'er ye breathe ; though therefore hurled to abyss
 More low than hell's. How ye I loathe, since fair,
 And I dim fall'n ! And when most perfect, there
 Abhor ye most ; and should I blight ye, would
 Feel equal joy as He who made ye, could
 Feel grief ; or bliss when He created. Oh !

Angels.—Again, in musings Satan's head bends low,
 Now, like a faded sun, it rises slow.

Satan.—Yet must I gaze on you : delight ye bring,
 Though dimm'd indeed ; dimm'd as this form, or theirs,
Angels eclips'd I drew from heaven ; to ban
 Of God resigned : or His, that wretched thing,
 Lord, ha ! of planet drear nam'd earth—e'en man

Whom I seduced, to o'er him, vile worm, reign ;
Gave him for painless life, a life of pain ;
Weakness for strength, for adoration prayers.

Mercy.—A savage triumph glooms yet more his brow.

Satan.—Yes, well-known scenes, ye memories proud awake
Of what, mid ye, I was ; and joys that take
Existence from the ill I wrought. There flows,
Translucent as of yore, the stream reflecting,
Trees of blest fruitage ; whose bright boughs, protecting
From too much light, I wander'd lonely under :
To muse on that high deed which rent asunder
Heaven's monarchy ; and of the spirit-world,
Drew half away. On yonder coast impearl'd
My God-arraigning standard, proud, did soar ;
Defiant dar'd the Lord of Hosts to war.

Angels.—A grim smile, like to faded glory, glares
In's eye, that looks a night with some few stars.

Satan.—High hour, I'll ne'er forget, of mingled pride
Sustaining, and anxiety immense.
When was reveal'd, what long was mine to hide ;
As, with heroic guise, torment intense ;
On yonder diamond mounts which radiant sit,
Realms that once own'd me chief, I planted it.
Heaven saw amaz'd ; Jehovah, on His throne,
Marvelling, beheld in glory not His own,
Like sunsets fus'd, that banner streaming far ;
The pristine herald of primeval war.
Not long reign'd admiration ; scarce unfurled,
My flag stream'd, ere rose angels in each world :
And when my trumpet peal'd, multitudinous thunder,
It seem'd in twain the universe was riven ;
So throng'd the powers, the thrones, the dominations,
Legions on legions, whole celestial nations :
With countless wings they clouded skies of heaven,

More crowded than seen stars when purple night
Reveals to pigmy earth world-points of light :
More numberless than sands her seas o'erflow,
They wing'd to aid my cause, in friendship's glow :
Wing'd, hiding all these neighbour-realms which now
Repose in dull and heavy sleep. Where, still
Yon groves, with spirits mov'd each plain and hill ;
As phalanx form'd, and gonfalons arose,
Scroll'd with imperial mottoes, angel-right
Demanding. What rais'd arms of god-like might
Bore them in mid-air ! What strong hands did wield
Unerring weapons, flashing o'er the field
Broad lightnings ! where indomitable brows
Scowl'd, where rebellious eyes shot dauntless glows ;
As numbers without number, faithful Powers,
Meet for the immense occasion—when did war
Evil with good, first broke harmonious law—
Approach'd me, hailed me—God. Mightiest of hours !
First day of thunder ! when, all-present war
Shook, with explosive and world-moving sounds,
All heaven's unmeasur'd depths, her uttermost bounds.
Without, space heard the clang of battle ; loud
No more, chaos grew hushed ; the suns wax'd pale ;
And all their darken'd stars, in wheeling course,
Did sudden halt ; each elemental force
Was numb'd, as stagger'd the universe, with wonder
Stood mute. Creation was aghast in fray
Unprecedented, not knowing who'd prevail ;
If henceforth doom'd evil or good to obey.
Unrais'd the glorious ruin I then wrought
In pristine desolation marks this sphere :
It shows how dear His victory was bought,
How little he can boast of that proud day.
Haply since I, nor new-formed spirit, may near

Blest realms save through these parts, none raise them ; thus,
They stand a monument to the universe,
Menacing me ; them warning : wrecks whereof
I'm proud, and wish they spread more huge. How high,
Yon adamantine obelisks, the sky
Of these low heavens pierce ! Loftier than roof
Earth owns, empyreal. How far and fine
Their slim shades fall o'er regions crystalline !
On them recording angels' hand did trace,
In depths Eternity may not efface
Their names, the glorious Disobedient. How
Trifling those earthwards, man names mounts, would show
Beside these columns ! yet he never climbs
Those warts ; essays he, he must halt for breath :
And does he fall in petty crack, his limbs
Are maim'd, and gulps the wretched pigmy, death.
Yet, puny monster, he is haughty ; he
On earth,—that paltry star, dim orb of time—
Lifts bold his gaze to heaven, these spheres sublime :
Dares scorn the Lord—at angels, insult fling ;
Who voyage arcs immense, nor droop the wing ;
Yet bend to God in hush'd humility.—
But bend not all : 'tis thus express'd, where yet
Strew yonder mountain's diamond once now jet ;
The darkened relics of my hurl'd down throne ;
Superbest once of all, save God's alone :
And, thus, I'd have them speak me, though they're dim ;
For there, gaze not the loftiest Seraphim ;
But—whilst their aspirations to be free
Are crush'd, as they behold these ruins, and fate
Of all who dare oppose the Deity—
For me confesses fear and glorious hate.
Thus I divide the rule of heaven. Ay, reign
With him, Almighty Tyrant, mystic, proud !

Whom yonder beams intolerable shroud ;
Though He afflicts me with eternal pain.

Mercy.—Satan.

Satan.— Who speaks in this huge solitude ?

Mercy.—Embrace in spirit the knees of God ; then cease
Shall torment. Kneel before the Throne in peace !

Satan.—I kneel ! I ?

Mercy.— But to Him who made you.

Satan.— Who
Dares breathe such things to Satan ?

Mercy.—Mercy.

Satan.— Thou
I know not ; yet of all the cringing things,
That to yon tyrant bow with prostrate wings ;
Thee I oppose the most, and most abhor.

Mercy.—E'er obdurate is folly.

Satan.— In vile thee
Freedom has never shone : dar'st counsel me ?

Mercy.—Fallen angel, were all free, not thou a slave
Could'st own ; yet, ah ! dark millions bow to you :
If kneel we must, where is allegiance due—
Allegiance of the wise, pure, grateful, brave ;
So due, as to the Sire, who gave us life,
With hope progressive, with enjoyments, rife ?
Oh ! Lucifer, when griev'd I gaze on thee ;
And muse on what thou wast ere badly free ;
I bless my roseate fetters ; they're no chain
To loyal spirit who would blest remain,
Hence, free indeed. Ah ! what a wreck art thou,
Like mounts that tempests ride, thy dismal brow
Hangs ; once 'twas radiant as yon sun, which, calm,
Rolls nearest us. Thy thunder-frowns alarm
Not me—thine eyes, erst like heaven's morn, two nights
Whose light is darkness, now, shed where they gaze,

Sad horrors ; and thy wings, whose vigorous flights
 Out-soared the fleetest seraphs ; and with rays,
 Save God's, of matchless glory shone, ablaze
 With all heaven's hues ; and gorgeous on the air,
 Illum'd, where'er thou sped'st, far round, a sphere—
 Now, black-plumed, hang like clouds about thy form ;
 Such vapourous heaps drop over earth, the storm ;
 They shade thy furrow'd shoulder, riven side,
 With circling terrors ; thy breast, bold and wide,
 Which oceanwise one smooth gem glow'd ; where, wove
 All splendours, blended in one glory—now,
 Like seas of rage which ceaseless tumults move ;
 That threaten to engulf what rides there, low—
 Chafes ceaselessly. As late I watch'd, it heav'd
 With bursting sorrows.

Satan.—

But that I forgot

Myriad's of rival's eyes were fixed on me,
 To mock, with prosperous malignity ;
 You'd not beheld my weakness when I griev'd,
 In prospect of my native realms.

Mercy.—

Why not

Submit ?

Satan.—

Away.

Mercy.—

Thine eyes I may not see,

So sunken they in fathomless misery,
 Rage, pride, all evils ; yet I know they weep ;
 Tears coursing down thy cheeks hard, channell'd deep,
 Like scalding cataracts in huge drops flow,
 From ill-dissembled suffering, self-will'd woe ;
 Kneel to The Just, Almighty, Merciful.

Satan.—I bade thee hence.

Mercy.—

Though heaven's scenes no more

May welcome thee, lest thou awaken war ;
 Wake angel-trouble ; yet shall kindlier shore

Than hell's be thine : of peace a halcyon field,
 Probationary, hopeful, beautiful :
 Such as might earth have been, if thou wert not ;
 But let that pass ; for ever, be forgot
 The ill thou wrought'st ; kneel on this ether ; yield !

Satan.—You vex my solitude—I'd be alone.

Mercy.—*Satan.*

Satan.— Hence, ere my spear fix to this spot
 Thy soft ethereal essence ; ere this plain
 Of azure that we pace know spirit's stain.

Mercy.—Oh ! Impotent, relentless, I e'er stand
 Before the Highest One ; nor moves the hand
 Can hurl me thence : in pity I retire
 Backward, some circles, since I rouse thine ire.

Satan.—Again, offended Mercy flees from me—

Oh ! Pride, oh ! Hate, oh ! Shame, oh ! Misery.

Angels in Chorus.—To light, unwearied Mercy flees ;

Alone with anguish Satan stands :
 His black plum'd wings shade crystal seas,
 And dim their pearly strands.
 He lightning breathes—his halo red ;
 He shakes loud thunders from his brows,
 As high he lifts his gaze—and God's light, shed
 Down on his face, him dreadful shows.

Satan.—I will gaze up at yon supernal light ;
 Though His vindictive glory blast my sight—
 Oh ! Thou, who sitt'st enthroned 'mid yonder clouds ;
 Above all things, yet all things gazing through,
 Past, present, and to come : Who, Angels say,
 Could sweep the whole vast universe away,
 Nor know a loss. Tremendous Tyrant ! Thou
 Who art, I know too well, Omnipotent ;
 And perhaps, since so Thou say'st, Omniscient ;
 But if Eternal, coming ages slow

And dim must prove—Exacting Lord !—to you
 I speak. Hear, where sublime Thou blast'st my gaze,
 Blast'st eyes of all who'd look aloft : as far
 'Mid those first suns, whose each atom's a star
 Of primal ray, Thou sitt'st, approached not : shrouds,
 Thy form in mystery of light,—God, hear !
 Thy visage I've beheld not since we warr'd,
 Let us now meet visible, Tyrant Lord !—
 Albeit, in hate—Thy glory rend.—Appear !
 God answers not—throughout th' immeasurable
 Vault that o'erarches me, all, all is still.
 Illimitable, hush ! In vain my gaze
 Would pierce yon zenith's depths. Fain, fain I raise
 This shield's circumference to shade my sight :
 From its all-conquering and detested light.—
 Once more—though spheres infinite lie between
 Us, yet I know Thou hear'st, and feel I'm seen.
 Jehovah, heaven's all-filling silence break !
 Amid those suns, 'mid thrones of Elders, 'mid
 Seraphic Powers, 'mid angels whom you bid
 Leave these low heavens lest they join me—speak !

Christ.—God will not look on evil, Satan.

Satan.—

Voice

Of the Christ ! God would not behold His peer,
 Or I conceive, dares not, enshrin'd from fear ;
 God fears me—Me—th' unvanquish'd—Lucifer.

Angels.—His stamp surrounding spheres awakes,
 The under universe now shakes.

Poised on dark outspread wings he'd rise,
 And where his mighty feet shade throws,
 Part heaving high, the yielding glows,
 He may not soar from lower skies ;
 He halts—around rolls mocking eyes.

Satan.—How tyrants tremble when e'en most secure !

On throne of thrones—of all the suns, the sun
 That blazes 'neath yon zenith :—canopy
 World-fringed ! He sits 'mid gods, yet is obscure :
 Dwells by immensity of light surrounded,
 Which, unexplored, envelopes Him, throned high
 In the serenest circle ; far, far bounded
 By primest worlds, as numberless they run
 Around the bourne of glory ; and rejoice,
 Ha ! ha ; in his great presence—this I know,
 For I've ador'd within the inviolate glow :
 Hence saw what roused ambition in me ; none
 Approached Him near as I—yet, He'll appear
 Not ; but with trepidation awed enshrouds
 His form ; names that forbearance which is fear.
 Can this be He who conquered on that day ?
 Quail not, oh ! styled Almighty ! I'm alone.
 Through heaven's night that surrounds me, far away,
 I see great angels where on high they've flown ;
 But never may approach them where they shine :
 May tempt them nevermore ; never their aid,
 Faithful to me, 'gainst Thee can be arrayed ;
 And yet Thou fearest me, Thy rival-god,
 Me, lone in this unmeasur'd solitude.

Mercy.—Long suffering is the Lord, yet, oh ! forbear,
 Satan, lest God's arm crush thee into air.

Satan.—If from unequall'd height Thou fearest, descend,
 Though with Thy countless archangels surrounded ;
 Girt with their wings, the firstborn chiefs of light :—
 Dar'st not confront me on this plain, blue, wide ;
 Then fuse some density in, or turn aside
 Beams unapproachable, which guard Thy Throne—
 I ask but this, thy veil of fulgence rend ;
 Be but reveal'd : let me reach Thy sphere proud :
 There let the final struggle be, in sight

Of Powers, Dominions, Angels of each world
Which now throng heaven : then will I hurl thee down
To depths profound, as me and mine you hurl'd.

Mercy.—Away with him ; I fear the wrath of God.
Forboding silence fills high dark'ning cloud.
Hence, with the arch insulter, lest wrath smite
Him, strew these lower heavens with evil ; thus
Increase its dire domain in the universe ;
Enlarge unhallow'd realms of dismal night.

Satan.—I, here, defy God, where, alone, I stand,
'Mid heaven ; defy Him by this blasted hand,
Still mighty, though by His dread lightnings riven ;
See ! as I wave it, fades this lower heaven.

Angels.—Like a world of flameless fire,
'Mid shades circumfluent, twilit globe !
Satan, vermillion, mighty, dire,
Stands edged with vapour-robe.
His fiery halo sheds no beam,
There ; but as he lifts hand, or strides ;
His clefted atmosphere doth seem
An ocean black, red shore divides.

Satan.—Oh ! that this adamant lance could range so far,
Then, should of all the stars the chiefest star,
The Sun of life, fall from imperial sphere ;
As once I headlong fell, I—Lucifer.
Great, gloomy, haughty Sovereign, when I've hurl'd
This nearest globe up heaven, perchance 'twill wake
Thee ; or not suffer'd to approach Thy proud feet, shake
Surrounding, listening, angels, as I heave a world.

Angels.—The globe refuses to obey,
Where Satan toils stupendously,
Him, nought in heaven obeys :
The fiend in vain would stay it, found

Obedient to God it wheels around,
 And Satan blinds with rays,
 Now suddenly impotent, prone,
 He lies on blue ærial plain ;
 From circling glooms comes thunder-groan
 A peal of terror, shame, and pain.

Mercy.—Amaz'd, he feels that only Mercy's hands
 Restrain the power Omnipotence commands.

Angels.—His haggard eyes, with baleful sweep,
 Bewilder'd view surrounding spheres ;
 Where'er they roll, griev'd regions weep,
 Passing celestial tears,
 As fell a sorrow-dew :
 Where roams his disobedient eye,
 Light flees and barrenness doth fall ;
 When turn'd his gaze then instantly
 Depart the shades, and smileth all,
 Gold scintillating blue.
 Look, to behold such scene as this,
 When good and evil meet ;
 But nought disturbs where wrapt in bliss
 Good's Author fills the mercy-seat.
 Evil in vain breathes blasphemy,
 Not vengeance moves the Lord of Light,
 The calm eternal, majesty ;
 That reigns around the highest height,
 Where blessed throngs of cherubim,
 Still pass—and pass—and hymn—and hymn.

Mercy.—I see on high the clouds supernal break,

Michael descends—halts in mid-heaven—doth speak,

Michael.—Hear, Lucifer ! God wills that thou arise.

Mercy.—Satan slow sullen mounts on shield and spear,

Halts on bent knee—looks round with vengeful eyes—
 Now stands with haughty front, disguising fear.

Angels.—Erect mid heaven, Satan stands
With shield and spear in clenched, raised hands.

Michael.—Vindictive cherub ! Must amid thy gloom
E'er reign pride, hate ; and, there, love, peace, ne'er come ?
It is permitted thee to enter heaven,
That thou might'st yet succumb, thus, be forgiven ;
But still to agitate the skies you near :
'Tis seen thou'dst wake our Father's wrath, thy aim
To extend the doleful wastes of ruin here ;
But deem not God will deign rouse discord's flame,
Nor war, till time shall end, with Lucifer.

Satan.—I but desire your Sovereign to appear.

Michael.—Shall One whom all the unnumber'd worlds obey
Shine forth at thy command ? thus, own thy sway ?
Combat, thus make His equal ; Fiend ! He could
With one glance burn to nothing if He would ?

Satan.—Annihilate He cannot, though he fell'd
Me, to display His power : let Him with throes
Still rack me, yet His power I'll oppose :
I will give voice to hate within me stirr'd,
And, though from scorn unanswer'd, will be heard.
No gentle promises, no threats, that He
Can hurl, relentless tyrant, e'er shall heal
The sense of wrongs unutterable I feel ;
Nor win submission low from mine, and me.

Truth (from her star).—Knew'st thou a wrong Oh ! Fallen
Seraph ! Then
Not I would urge obedience ; or dissuade
From constancy, whereby, perchance, thou'dst gain
A right withheld ; soothe confidence betray'd :
For well thou know'st nought burns so active, strong,
In angel's essence, as a sense of wrong ;
There planted by our Father, that it prove
How far surpassing justice glows His love.

Justice (from her star).—Sure thou wast the aggressor : there
was nought

For discontentment in thy lofty lot ;
Thou gavest not, but did'st receive, all good,
Which well had kindled endless gratitude,
Not disobedience : when, e'en merit, we
Possess, is all bestowed, humility
Should follow our promotion : could'st not thou
Feel reverence for thy Lord, from whom did flow
Thine almost matchless honours, but must chide
The goodness that created thee, bestow'd
All good, and love grieve with rebellion proud ?
Could'st thou not be the second, but thou must,
Because made second, aim to be the first.
Rebellion base ! Rapacious, fatal pride !

Charity (from her star).—Would it were thine alone ; nor
follow'd those

Bright millions, thee ; to share thy pains, thy woes.

Satan.—Does He not spread Himself.

Faith (from her star).—God does in truth,

With how unlike results ! When selfishness
Its iron arms expanding, yields caress ;
For recompense it proffers love ; not so
Our generous Father ; good He spreads, but no
Return for blessings asks.

Satan.— Except the knee.

Faith.—That but for weal of all, in harmony.

Satan.—For His own glory He creates, upholds :

Oh ! Selfishness enormous, grasping all !

Faith.—Which like its sun, the universe enfolds

With light ; at least, where'er its influence fall :
A coveting of power that wills its day
Bless all with liberal vivifying ray ;
Not thus thy rule archangel fallen.

Satan.—

Away !

Inferiors ! Not to ye discourse I deign.

I speak to Him who over ye doth reign.

Mercy.—Speak then, as should offender ; well aware

Art thou, that not the guiltiest may plead

Before Benevolence Supreme, but e'er

To feel forgiveness soothe repented deed.

Michael.—Thus, Satan, do ; or quick depart from heaven.

Behold yon fiery cohort on thy right—

Angelic squadrons on those rainbow clouds !

They stand, for action, trembling in their light ;

Rest, fiend ! Nor trouble yon adoring crowds,

That pass—still, pass 'fore God, amaz'd ; or driven

Cleave yon abyss : thou mayst no more offend.

Satan.—I crave an audience where my knee I bend.

Angels (in highest sphere).—Yon seventy million cherubs are the last

To adore before the Throne—they pass—are past.

Mercy.—Hark ! To soft-wheeling harmonies,

Which thrill to silence listening skies ;

Ere the Everlasting speaks :

Behold ! On high, God's glory breaks.

Angels.— No more no more

Satan uplifts defiant eye ;

Perplex'd, abas'd he cowers before

God's dimly visible majesty.

GOD.

Satan !

Satan.—

Here am I.

GOD.

Whence com'st thou ?

Satan.—

From star

Distant ; though oft, Oh ! Lord, for Thee more far

I've wing'd : but nought is service if the knee

Bend not. What time the central sun,—Thy throne,

Wheels in its orbit once ; that Thou thereon
 Circling, may'st view all empires, bowing round
 Thee, on the wing I've been : Thou know'st the bound
 Of such wide voyage, e'en the seat of man.
 From going to and fro in earth-sphere, and
 From walking up and down it, here I stand.

GOD.

Say, what dost, Lucifer, at heaven's jubilee ?

Satan.—I come for Justice.

GOD.

Speak aloud, before

All Powers now assembled of my universe.

Satan.—Oh ! Thou its Sovereign ; and Angels all,
 Who from your starry thrones around, far, high ;
 Behold me where I shade this lower sky ;
 Hear me ! Ye know that man like me did fall,
 Hence, merits with me the e'erwrithing curse :
 Why Ruler of all things spare him the ban
 His deed deserves ? Thou'rt styl'd, The Just ; no more,
 Too partial, shield those mortals with Thy grace ;
 But yield to me the disobedient race.

GOD.

What would be gain'd thereby ? Would evil then be less ?
 Or good be more ?

Satan.— I should have justice, then.

GOD.

Justice forbear to name, lo ! pales her brow thereat.

Satan.—Thine obstinacy, and caprice, forego ;
 And vengeance take on wretched tribes of men :
 From love Thou can'st not spare the creature, that
 A weakness were which never can be thine :
 Thou can'st not love what hates Thee, scorns ; or know,
 By clouds of flesh, from vision hid divine,
 Denies that thou existence hast at all.

Man to the level of his reason, sooth,
Must lower all things, or he, mighty one
Will deign not to believe ; he'll not be won.
Transcendent worm ! not he to deem aught truth
He comprehends not : that Thou shedd'st a ray
Of Mercy, on the boaster obstinate,
Base, insolent ; or care bestow'st most small
On man, but yield'st him not to my just hate,
Is obstinacy, and caprice, I say.
Denying Thee, himself, lord of the star
He treads, he deems ; in haughtiness perverse,
Has too invented this proud fallacy ;
That all things work for him, their chief ; that he
Stands central in the glorious universe :
'That spirits—all of whom, the weakest are
More mighty than the congregated power
Of all his miserable race, his paltry kings,
His petty heroes, wise men, ha ! vile things
Which with two legs on their low world do crawl—
That such great beings are his attendants—more—
That all these wheeling worlds on which I gaze ;
And gazing on them, countless, mourn deep praise,
High admiration—these vast stars, which pour
Glows, mingling in one glory ; till a ball
Of globes,—where space or ether shows not—one
World-crowded galaxy, planet and sun,
Heaven's bright circumference seems ; so if one sphere
We would behold globose, we must draw near—
That these, these glorious numberless abodes ;
The habitations vast of myriads ; few
Of which he noting in his skies deemed blue,
Names stars ; but sees not millions everywhere
Revealed by space—these homes of mighty gods—
That these, Thy glorious works, his natal hour

Low, unremark'd, attend : that these to him
Unmeasur'd worlds, unnumber'd, whose most dim,
Most small, is tenfold vaster and more bright
Than the low planet, in whose murky night,
He struts, and names his own, drear earth—do tinge
His dull, confin'd, debas'd, poor, selfish, thoughts.
Yes, where on a dim speck in space he rots ;
He deems to him Thy universe doth cringe,
His most obedient vassal ; and when deigns
He to allow, that formed them hand divine ;
Then censures he Thy works, great God, whereof
He sees alone a mite ; and with a scoff,
As of their want of concord he complains,
Thee favours, Lord, with an improv'd design.
What was rebellious angels' pride to this ;
Theirs who to me were loyal and fell ? Oh ! nought :
For they themselves were great, and though they fought
With Thee, they honour'd thine Almightyness,
All attributes : proud of their Peerless Foe,
They gloried in a lofty rivalry :
A balm eas'd, novel, God-inflicted blow ;
When they remember'd that Ubiquity,
Omnipotence, inflicted it ; but this—
This thing of flesh, this, how contemptible,
Boaster, dares to defy Omnipotence,
Insult thy merciful works, wide providence ;
And slighting blessings, Ah ! too bountiful,
Vents forth his spleen ; and like that grub with wings
He calls a wasp, doth buzz, and deems he stings.
Judge of the universe, no more delay ;
But bring to pass, of men the judgment-day ;
And be aveng'd. Oh ! hadst Thou so done, Lord,
When ingrate Adam from allegiance fell ;
Had'st Thou in him destroy'd all flesh abhorr'd,

Forbade it linger more on terrene zone ;
 Or still more wise, if me in that sad hour
 Thou hadst destroy'd ; of evil crush'd the power ;
 Then, myriads had been saved from sin, woe, hell.
 Not, as Thy wont, me tax with cruelty ;
 'Tis patent, pity felt for man bids me,
 Visit the skies ; and, 'fore Thy matchless Throne,
 Plead ; let me not in vain : annihilate
 Through Mercy, Lord, the suffering race ingrate.
 Or man to me yield, just King, and I'll bear
 Him to Hell's farthest verge, beyond Hope ; there,
 Will cure the petty proud one's arrogance :
 Th' offending disobedient pigmy, ne'er
 Shall cloud with grief Thy large benevolence :
 Nor Thou behold from halcyon seat above,
 Recipient of Thy love, disdain that love.
 Of taunting flesh the universe but free,
 Oh ! Sovereign Spirit ! then I'll bend my knee,
 On this blue plain, adoring ; hell's powers bring ;
 And we'll our ancient hallelujah sing.

Mercy and Angels.—Be silent spheres, God's twilight breaks !

Thence glory streams, Jehovah speaks !

GOD.

I grieve to hear such baleful speech from one whom heaven
 Once own'd with joy and love. Punish ! Avenge ! That I
 Ne'er chasten save for good alone, Oh ! Lucifer,
 Thou knowest well ; correct in anger, vengeance, never ;
 And least of all where frailty is : see, listen, where,
 At such remorseless thoughts my faithful angels sigh ;—
 Son of the morn in ages past, thou'rt fall'n indeed !
 Oh ! Seraph dimm'd, contemptible the human race
 May seem to thee ; but nought where life I once have given
 To Me can e'er be so ; nor so in Truth : ingrate,
 I know man is, and ignorant, and obdurate :

But what he is you made him ; spiteful, hurl'd down low,
 To embryo-fiend an embryo-angel ; spiteful now
 Thou'dst blight him utterly ; deprive him of my grace.
 But, Lucifer, deem not the unalterable plan
 That shall thy ruin work, insidious spirit, if found
 Impenitent ; salvation also work of man—
 Superior good which shall from evil more abound,—
 Thy cunning may pervert ; or thy malicious hate
 And stedfast ruthlessness, glory annihilate,
 Look'd for, long'd for by the universe, predestinate.
All Angels.—Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

GOD.

How well thou knowest, fallen cherub, for 'twas thine
 Most lov'd of things created at my board divine
 To sit, how blessed ! through those long happy ages, ere
 Evil sprang into being, and soil'd heaven's holy air.
 How well, I say thou knowest that destruction never
 Was of my laws : I plan, I form, I change, I sever,
 But not destroy : whatever did from me proceed—
 Me, Alpha and Omega, fount of life, immortal—
 Must, like Me, ever be all indestructible :
 Power is not, nor shall it e'er be, which can destroy
 One atom in my universe, be it of souls,
 Or grosser elements : that distant moment rolls
 Before me now, when first with solitary joy
 I plann'd—commenced creating ; particle is lost
 Not, of what then I did create : I see all tost
 Through space, progressing, varying ever : there repose
 The allegiance and faith of happy millions ; those
 Unsumm'd angelic orders who in far worlds dwell ;
 And these who Me adore, around innumerable,
 On my eternal mandate ; mandate which to change
 Were to disturb proportion, order ; were to fell
 The temple I've uprais'd through what long ages past

Then the round, mighty universe, dissolved, would range
 In loud disorder, universal, raging, vast ;
 Whilst I'd behold it with a loving parent's pain :
 And on my solitary Throne commence again
 Illimitable work. Then, angel fallen, thee,
 And thine, shall I destroy? Disturb the harmony
 Of laws primeval? See yon glorious world on world,
 Unnumber'd save by Me, in general vortex whirl'd?
 No, rather let the less than greater evil be.
 Were it not so, oh Lucifer, in face of love,
 I ever bear the creature I to being did move ;
 Ere thou in evil should'st triumph, and should'st allure,
 Others to guilt ; Oh, Fiend, I to nonentity
 Would hurl thee now, thy pride, thy wiles no more endure.
 But fear not, hapless angel, thee I'll not destroy.
 Nor that speck in creation—man, I formed in joy ;
 But to my law observant change him, raise. You vaunt
 Of pity : pity prompts to actions, noble, kind,
 But when did angels, man, from Satan kindness find?

Earth's Spirits.—Father, wise benevolent Lord !

Who none upbraid'st with the good,
 That in a never-ceasing flood,
 From Thee is downward pour'd :
 It mostly flows unknown ; or, known, is met
 Oft with ingratitude that fails to heed ;
 Man slights Thee, gracious Father, yet
 His little world with sun and shower you feed ;
 But Satan's love for man appears
 Alone in chains, sole fetters that he wears.

GOD.

My gracious spirits, Mercy, Peace, Hope, Justice, Truth,
 I delegate to bless mankind ; but your fond ruth
 Opposes them, and hence come wars, wrongs, falsehood, hate,
 U'surping their bless'd functions ; you commiserate

Man's lost condition, thus. I know to dismal haunt
 With gladsome wing thou'dst bear away my earthborn son :
 And as his weal remorselessly thou didst destroy,
 Wouldst laugh at me, and with avenging scorn and joy
 Exclaim—" Kind Lord and Sire, behold what I have done."
 But ne'er, arch hypocrite, shall thy design, hard, mean,
 Which pains me more than bold rebellion open seen ;
 Win from eternal love the erring mortal race.
 No, ere resign, frail mankind, to thy baleful spite
 And most obnoxious hate ; I will extend my grace.
 Yes, ere my creature lose, for whom I've borne some care,
 Some sorrow, I will more endure—more sorrow bear—
 More bless the child of flesh, and still exalt him more.

Satan.—In this at least I have not fail'd ; not fail'd
 In marring perfect bliss. God, I've entail'd
 On Thee eternal grief, hence, conquer'd ; though
 I've not beheld Thy effluence since we warr'd ;
 Yet will I not believe it beameth now,
 So cloudless as it shone when at thy board
 I sate through those long eras, erewhile ills
 Were known : not now as then, Thy visage fills
 With joy unsullied all who gaze : the race
 Of suffering man and angel mars Thy face,
 Its glory some eclipses ; hence I would
 Behold it, and 'tis hence Thou shroud'st it, God.
 Ay, Thou'rt in part obscur'd ; for well I know
 Thou canst not shine all blest, when aught has woe.

GOD.

Malignant cherub ! Me wrong'd irrevocably
 Hast thou : 'twas not enough for thy bad hate to estrange
 Bright myriads from my love : spirits pure I'd blest, to range
 Against My government, and bear them far from Me,
 To dwell in doleful regions swayed by woe and night ;
 Far from these blessed happy fields of spotless light.

Satan.—Thou drov'st them hence, Oh Lord.

GOD.

They followed thy sad flight :

That was not all, but when the doleful void of bliss,
Your fall had wrought, I aim'd to fill with happiness
And bade the earth, yon far-off globe, to teeming rise ;
And hung it very good, in pure and hymning skies :
Then, plac'd a creature there, than angelic more low,
'Tis true ; but noble of its kind, with power to grow
In good, more eminent, and serve Me in heaven here ;
Or if content to dwell in yonder serene sphere :
Then, thou did'st thwart Me, still, My being of flesh did'st
lure

From his allegiance, and My love ; Oh ! what he might
Be now, e'en as these angels glorious, and pure,
Had not thy bad seduction hurl'd him from the light.

Satan.—He chose to love me, leave Thee ; daring fate.

GOD.

Had Lucifer made war on Me, on Me alone ;
Albeit an effort unprovok'd, and most, vain hate ;
Yet that were worthy an archangel : or but won
My creatures Seraphim and Cherubim from heaven,
Since potent I, and they, the offence might be forgiven :
But surely 'twas unworthy archangel, and most
Unworthy thee, Oh ! Lucifer thy spite to vent,
For honour, glory, happiness, and power lost,
On new-born man : that creature frail, diminutive, low ;
A petty glory 'twas for one, who was the foe,
And foe not all despis'd, of the Omnipotent ;
Man, inoffensive mite of flesh to circumvent.
Could Lucifer, My noblest seraph once, and high,
Descend to mean and ignominious treachery !

Angels.—Benevolence can cruelty shame,

Good sheds a passing beam on evil, now ;

Where Lucifer, in lowly bending flame,
Hides his confus'd and gloomy brow.

Satan.—I've moments when I wish, God, Thoud'st destroy me.

GOD.

I would not thee destroy, but evil found in thee.

Satan.—Thou know'st Thou can'st not, God, annihilate

Me : Thou'st said, nought shall destroy what Thou'st made.
Long ages shall Thy vaunted deathless love
For man bedim.

GOD.

Ages My grace shall livelier prove.

Me, Angel fallen, thou'st wrong'd, and man deceived ; but
know

From falsehood, base malignity, great good can flow :
I here remind thee, Arch-deceiver, 'tis decreed
That thou shalt yet pay homage unto human seed ;
Which I have sworn shall, serpent ! bruise thy baleful head :
Meanwhile yon distant earth, star disobedient
Evil eclipsed, in dim revolve shows monument
Of warning to all worlds : as solitary, dread ;
Through space, else spotless, a thin line of fearful shade,
It casts portentous monitory : angels all,
In every world, as they behold that darksome line,
Muse on the sins and woes of the terrestrial ball :
And then, confirm'd in faith in me, shun sway as thine ;
Example bad, and flee thy presence lest they fall.

Satan.—And, so, eternal our unnatural war

Must be ; hostility the universe
Must still divide ; still live the lengthened curse
It groans withal, ere fail Thy purpose proud,
Most covetous. So be 't, and evermore
We'll hate. Will Jehovah His glories robe
In flesh, for a few souls of one dim globe !
Never ! Thou lovest too well those glories, Lord,

So I must homage pay, you've sworn, to man !
 Ha ! ha ! I, Lucifer, kneel to what I scorn.
 Such shame to angel-nature shall be mine,
 To thwart. What all-devouring greed is Thine !
 Since not the undivided sway thou'lt spare
 Of one inferior world ; though worlds obey
 Thee numberless and glorious : but ere
 Thou'lt one dim star, one faithless family
 Yield, will the Godhead soil with flesh ; for it die.
 Still Tyrant obstinate, still love mankind,
 Yet own he bends the knee to me and mine ;
 Own, though creator Thou of mortal blind,
 And of earth's varied blessings, the Divine
 Bestower art : yet, is his service vow'd
 To me : he worships me, I reign his god.
 Yes, I, Lucifer, overrule one globe :
 One gem, all-grasping Sovereign, from Thy robe
 I've plucked : I rule, I may inflict a ban :
 Delicious thought ! I blast one world, blight man.

GOD.

Oh ! what ill, this ! that when thou speakest truth, in thee
 A good how rarely found, that good should evil be !
 Yet known in that dim distant world are some, who ne'er
 Have, Satan, bow'd to thee, a remnant serve Me there.
Satan.—I sway all flesh.

GOD.

Hast thou considered Job ?

Satan.—He's faithful, since Thou lin'st his jewelled robe ;
 Afflict him, and He'll curse Thee to Thy face.

GOD.

He'll not ; therefore, arch-fiend, I yield him to thy power—
 Oh ! throngs of angels, ye who sorrowing list around !
 Deem not, unmerciful, I yield the righteous man :
 Within his heart of flesh self-pride is budding found ;

Whilst in his offspring, as their growing breasts I scan,
Idolatry, unfilial seeds, and lust, I trace.

Angels.—Lord, Lord ! All-wise Thou art,
Present to Thee is every ball :
We, Thy spirits, see in part,
God, God ! Thou seest all.

GOD.

Oh ! Satan, did'st thou near Our throne for this ? Cannot
One heavenly ray beam earthward, but its light thou'dst blot.
'Twas seen whence sprang thy false unwonted love for Me ;
And zeal for My scorn'd rule, unhonoured majesty ;
From malevolence towards man that pants his race to blight.
Oh ! fallen obscured Archangel, I had hop'd to view
In thee semblance of what thou wast ; some seed divine
Sown in blest age, by Mercy warm'd, florescence show ;
But thou art all enslaved by hungry malignity,
Pride, envy. Hence deceiver, and that joy be thine,
Which marring good can yield. Descend to earth ! Away
Thy baleful presence, hypocrite ! afflicts mine eye.

Angels.—Now darkness veils the glory-clouds,
And dimness Satan's form enshrouds.

Satan.—Ho ! Angels all, ye see 'tis not my will
That discord part the groaning universe ;
To close the breach that God enlargeth still,
I came to heaven : I came to end the curse
Man bears, by ending man : but am oppos'd
In good, by Him you style Good's Author. So
Our interview here terminates, but not before
Vows of unquenchable hatred we've renew'd :
Oh ! Deep, deep hate to cancel never more.
Tyrant supreme ! Angels, whom fetters tie,
To servitude ! I go—to liberty.

Angels.—As Satan's wings outspread to fly,
Shades, wide o'er border-heavens grow ;

But as the fiend swoops, leaves the sky,
 We burn again in cloudless glow.
 Still as he bears the glooms away,
 From regions sweeps retiring night :
 The under spheres regain the day ;
 Reposes calm the flood of light.

Earth's Spirits.—As Satan sinks the low heavens hiss, are all
 Like earth at deluge when assuaged the wave ;
 And she drank universal waterfall ;
 With falling forests hid man's general grave.

Raphael (from Mid-heaven).—Spirits, descend to earth, speed
 southward, go.

Lest, meeting Satan, he molest you : thou,
 Guide, Mercy.

Earth's Spirits.—One more glance ere sink we low,—
 Above, how brilliant, how innumerable,
 As melt their clouds in heaven's restored beams ;
 Angelic hosts shine beauteous, palpable,
 From dimness loom in scintillating streams.
 They flash forth, gliding, crowding every sphere ;
 What multitudes effulgent, of the blest
 Float sunlike, starlike, radiant everywhere,
 And crowd beneath the throne in pious zest ;
 Through heaven disburden'd, bow the ethereal fires,
 Behold ! They dazzling strike their golden lyres.

All Angels.—Holy, Holy ! everlasting Lord,
 Worthly alone to be ador'd ;
 Omnipotent and ever-glorious.
 Thy wings of light beneath we lie,
 Which arch us with resplendent sky,
 And, Father, bliss drop over us.
 If yonder prince of evil dread,
 Whose rushing wings descending, red ;
 Bear off from heaven a sad twilight ;

Reign'd in these regions where we soar,
And happy free our joys outpour
They'd then know sorrow, pain, and night.
God, worthy Lord, and only Thou
Art worthy. God to Thee we bow ;
We joy that Thou art all above ;
We grateful pay in every sky,
Worship to Thee, God, God Most High,
For Thou art goodness, Thou art love.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah !

THE UNIVERSE.

SATAN IN FLIGHT.

Satan.—Pestilent sounds that distant harmony :
Their slavish songs and harpings torture me.
Oh ! bliss, I hate thee—rage, grief, discord, pain,
Alone waft music to mine ears. Again
Those hymns ! Would they were howls of woe. Sweep down
My wings ! Their melodies have died away,
And sound of joy disturbs me not—alone
In circle hushed ; which angels heavenward flown
Leave void. Here let me pause ere earthward fly—
Above me heaven in arching canopy
Of spotless ether bends. Ah ! once, to me
How glorious yon unrivalled vault appear'd !
But all, or lovely, grand, seems hideous, now ;
What welcom'd me, appals me now, when neared ;
And, dimm'd by my reflex, obscures its ray.
Yet charm'd I linger ere I voyage below ;
There breathes around a soft empurpl'd glow,

Ambrosial effluence of my native air ;
My wings thrill glad as if they knew it were ;
And seem to hold me back as when I fell,
Reluctant, slow to stir dim air of hell.
Oh ! here I'd linger ever ; on my fall,
To brood and hide my shame. But hark ! Methinks,
From hollow arcs beneath, call loud my legions,
Who miss me from their haunts : the mutual links
That bind us, draw me from these blissful regions,
How bright ! And what do I amid them, thrall
Of sin and misery ? Farewell, Oh ! climes,
Belov'd, ere sever'd us, ambition, crimes.
Farewell, celestial scenes ! Ye flashing towers !
Blue walls of adamant for ever shining !
Inviolatè crystal domes ! Immortal bowers !
Forests for ever green, where flowers entwining
Breathe amaranthine fragrance—all farewell !
I leave ye glad, though pain'd and baulked : for where
Ye're glittering yonder in the rainbow'd air—
To sip which is beatitude—to me
Ye're as a glorious lance which wounds : and ye
Must still bid memory rankle, as I'll bear,
Ye, Oh ! enchanting visions—bear to hell
A dim reflex of heaven. I plunge—plunge, plunge,
Deeper in space abysmal.—Bear me down,
Deep—deeper—deeper still oh ! pinions, ye
Who make low aërial circles loathingly !—
What depths immeasurable I've downward flown !
Waft me more slow, oh ! wings—on gazing back,
Above me, far, God's dwelling bright appears ;
So luminous realms, through vista dark, shed track ;
For dim to those shine these resplendent spheres.
Heaven looks like clouds from earth when rays, in peace,
Shed hesper sheen, whilst round us shades increase :

Yet glorious are these scenes I glide through, though
So dim to yonder peerless splendours ; so
Glorious, that could I feel remorse, 'twould fill
Me now, since I first struck the chord of ill ;
That marr'd the harmony of the universe :
And yet I'd blight it more, ay, all would curse.
Oh ! how I loathe myself—fallen angels—man—
I boast of freedom, yet I am not free ;
Good circumscribes : forbids me spread the ban
I bear, o'er all ; and bliss must be. Oh ! wings
Of faded plumes, from mocking blessed things,
Waft me more swift than light !—thus, on !—thus, down !—
Alas ! What a stupendous pitch I've flown !
Here also happy angels heavenward bound,
Leave worlds unpeopled ; save where few keep guard :
These view me cautious, as I pass, and ward
Me off their globes with signals mute. Away,
Oh ! wings, 'mid scene so blest, I dare not stay.
Descend—descend—yet here space grows less bright—
Some shade appears—awhile, I'll halt from flight :
And on this eminence ærial, round
Me, lonely gaze, view scenes blest systems bound.
Ye constellations near and distant ! Known
In happier ages well, how wonderful
Ye are ! though dim to light intolerable
I've voyag'd from ; and dusk this beauteous ether
Which veils transcendent heaven with azure, sown
Of worlds ; that spangling crowd, and look like heather
Which dots, with gold, blue mountains. Yonder throng
Of spirits blest, who move serene along,
In curv'd procession bright, though fulgent, vast ;
Appear no grosser than a sunn'd line, cast
On earth's diminutive oceans, they so far
Glide towards the occident. Shades cloud my face,

As down I gaze where yawns beneath me space,
 Dark, fathomless : retir'd afar in glooms
 Each clustering system on its sides, a star
 Appears ; or crag of light its sun illumines.
 There, now, I'll headlong plunge in whirling bound—
 Rest wings ; Oh ! me, what worlds innumerable
 I've threaded through !—now, pass, and pass must, still ;
 Ere gain that arrogant globe whose fate I wield.
 My brow aches at the infinite reveal'd.
 Ah ! me, when warring with the Omnipotent
 I, from the zenith fell ; that sorely smote :
 'Twas 'mid these spheres that I did darken'd float,
 Astounded, numb'd : till from heaven's armoury
 New-vigour'd thunderbolts—whose peals did shake
 And stun this concave, suddenly opaque—
 Drove me and mine to hell, and I, downhurl'd,
 These worlds shook. I'll approach one.

GOD.

Lo ! I see a world

Eclipsed : all angels in the occidental spheres,
 Beware ! Satan is passing 'mid your shaded stars.
 Heed Oh ! world.

Angels of neighbouring World.—We hear, Lord !

Satan.— The voice of God ! It sounded

Majestical, like floods of musical thunder :

Till 'gainst the globe I dar'd approach it bounded ;

Then pass'd me sea-like : and now wakes with wonder

Some worlds in echoing continuance long.

Angels.—Satan from heaven returns : our day

He did eclipse with floating shade ;

But, passing, bears the night away,

The turbid atmosphere he made.

Satan.—When e'er I'd near things loved of God, thence
 comes

Lustre which blinds me ; and I stand 'mid glooms.

What unimaginable solitude

Is mine ! Where'er I turn still shunn'd, still lone ;

Alone, where worlds in huge societies,

Disclos'd, innumerable rise,—denser rise,

As on I wing, unnear'd. Yet let me own

The sad requital just, for marring good.

Who would not flee the scourge that alway wounds ?

Angels of surrounding Worlds.—Satan approaching here, doth cast,

Eclipse athwart our stars—he's past.

Satan.—All angels of all worlds I near, at sight,

Of my dun halo, shuddering gaze :—as I

Sweep by their orbs, on half globes shedding night,

Alarm'd, to the off sides, they swiftly fly.

Wings ! Ye must scorn fatigue : ye'll bear me through,

Yet seventy million systems, ere I'll view

Low, glimmering earth, and hear discordant sounds.

How marvellous is creation ! Though I hate

Its matchless Author ; yet I must adore

The Power, which could such wond'rous forms create,

And all sustain. To win such empire, sure,

Deserv'd great effort ; who'd not peril bliss

To sway one portion—rule such scene as this ?

Grand scene develop'd variously ! Globose,

Roll nearest orbs ; but where farwheeling seen

They show half circles, arcs, till world-mass'd, close

The whole circumference glows one moving sheen.

Angels of surrounding Worlds.—From Satan emanation—night !

Obscures us—passes with his flight.

Satan.—Still, as my wings hide discs, the angels flee ;

Beings who in lustre dwell serene for aye :

But oh ! How dim to myriads I, but late,

Beheld in heaven ; or throngs far 'neath its state !

Tire not, oh ! plumes, these limits oft of old

Ye cours'd ; not weary then, as now. Behold !
Appear those belts of worlds—the milky way.
Names, man shall style these sun-crowds, rise in me.
The zodiac glimmers scarce perceptible—
Orion now—Arcturus—Pleiades—
Sirius ; numbers, numberless, with these
Gleam pallid ; and more dim as I descend
Into this nether point of space ; swift wend
Oh ! pinions ! I have steered ye right : full soon
Our voyage shall be finish'd—onward—on.
Now, faint stream nearest points of solar light,
Beams, match'd with these around, like earthy night,
Opaque :—grows visible earth's petty sun.
Speed, wings ! Full soon our journey shall be done.
Ha ! Now I see that unimportant knot
Of worlds, where one, the seat of man, murk spot !
Spins round that sun, cold, dull. How dull, how cold,
To these, that at each bound I make, unfold
New splendours multiplied ! where, on each hand,
They, ponderous, softly wheel in silence : and
Shed far, conglomerating mass of rays :
Which force me lift my shield to screen my gaze.
Yet how dim these to that more fulgent day
Those systems yield beyond them : and dim they,
As constellations grow in glory ; still,
To be eclips'd as light augments : until
They verge on day of heaven—that light intense,
The ante-glory of Omnipotence :
Which borders on the inaccessible :
The centre of all worlds, all light : where full
Of love, and bliss, 'mid beam inviolate,
Jehovah dwells in blest, supernal state.
Awaking from a dream of that bright sphere,
How awful frowns the twilight reigning here !

And crescent still the shadowy masses show,
As I proceed in flight profounder. Now,
Emerging from gloom-distance palpable,
Earth's sun appears rotundly visible :
And in a dull red circle, like my shield,
Glares 'mid its family of stars, which glow
Minuter than the Pleiades, by low
Dim-sighted man beheld from earth. I see,
I see my victim-globe, yet like my spear's point ; flee
Fast, faster wings ! Earth widens on my sight :
I scent affliction ; I foretaste delight ;
And though my motion, noise awakes, as pealed
Long thunders, trailing—yet discord I hear ;
Congenial murmurs stir the fetid air,
No longer bright, serene. Hark ! To the hum
Of turmoil, throbbing fear, and anxious pain :
More welcome sounds than hymns, which I disdain.
Still louder strife's mellifluous shoutings come ;
Ascending with the odours foul of death,
And sin ; and the polluting odious breath
Of reeking, carnal, tribes : now, sweetly soar,
In sonorous division mark'd, howl, roar,
Of all-pervading agony : where rise
Stern mountains, and like digits pierce grim air,
The savage eagles nobly tyrannize ;
Whilst through yon breastlike oceans, everywhere,
Finn'd tribes, on finn'd tribes, prey unceasingly ;
'Mid forests, yells euphonious torture's cry :
And oh ! Inspiring this, isles, continents ;
Where'er man, monstrous worm ! in cities, tents,
Drags torpid on, his heavy loathsome life ;
Be it in war, or peace, or family strife ;
Still, there the symphonies infernal swell,
Reverberating,—dissonance of hell !

Delectable this ! I feel my spirits rise ;
 I've room for work, abroad my influence flies ;
 No more beholding heaven, burthen'd no more
 With weak reflex of good, love, joy ; which awe
 Me, when I stand in presence of the Lord—
 I here feed on all evils that afford
 Prohibited feast which strengthens. Humid, dark,
 Revolves beneath me this terrestrial spark.
 Thron'd on its moon, above the mundane buzz,
 Earth breathes confined in atmospheric robe ;
 I'll halt awhile till wheel'd beneath me Uz ;
 And, then, alighting, o'erwhelm fated Job.—
 How soft the planet on her axis wheels,
 Though soars discordant hubbub through her air !
 Ah ! What a wretched apiary and base,
 Is this lorn world ! Look where bee-like man, race
 Most vain ! absorb'd in petty selfishness,
 Fulfils his brief, perturb'd, pretentious day :
 Restless for ever, cruel everywhere,
 Preying on wretched kind, and pitiless,
 Destroying,—tyrant petty savage stern !—
 Dumb harmless creatures ; which, in fair array,
 He nam'd 'mid Eden. Yonder champaign reels
 Convuls'd with pigmy war. With what vile rage,
 The spiteful puny brute, doth battle wage !
 With what mischievous fraud, or daring bold,
 He, fatal, wields his little arms, till roll'd
 In gory dust whereof he's made ; as heaps
 Of flesh hide lovely scenes it mars ; where weeps,
 O'er beauty, desolation ! Themselves wise
 Some deem, and are deem'd so, wise ! ha, such sway
 Surrounding mind degenerate : some deem
 They're crafty—I must sneer—these circumvent
 Their most enlighten'd potent brethren : nay

Some covet praise long-liv'd, ha ! so-call'd fame :
All fret, all toil, for some most worthless aim ;
Yea, e'en go mad pursuing fleeting scheme ;
Meanwhile they heed not, scorn the universe
Exhaling peace, and preaching harmony ;
Deem worthier their base fortune, frail intent ;
Exhilarating thought ! all miss the sky.
How wonderful that for a star, so dim,
Remote, and low, as this ; that for a race,
As man, heavy, loveless, despicable,
God owns a care ! But that I know to Him
Bulk, eminence, form, motion, brightness, space,
Are nought themselves, alone bear worthy rate,
As emanations of Himself ; how great !
Of love unwearied, unimaginable,
Which forms, proportions, and maintains ; did I
Not know how jealous He, of all He makes ;
That when aught ceases to obey, it breaks
The mighty whole's tyrannic harmony ;
Mars much His bliss serene, offends His love—
I'd disbelieve in such solicitude :
And do, in His descent from being's centre—heaven ;
That in gross flesh His glories bright He'll veil,
Because rebellious dust might be forgiven,
Salvation know : Oh ! rather I'll believe,
Intending love, Omniscience, can deceive
Themselves, their fond desires to embody fail ;
Yea, likelier than such be possible ; above
My utmost dream of mercy : mercy ! Why
Name what I know not, yet abhor ? Would I,
The power God has for good, for evil, had !
Then would I grasp these elements, that now
In toil unceasing blessings work for man ;
Would grasp them, and in general overthrow,

Frustrate the vigilant invincible good
Develop'd in God's universal plan ;
And should succeed things hideous, painful, bad ;
Till man to fiend sank, and surpass'd earth, hell.
Oh ! Now I'd lift this globe small space aside,
Till in its sun burnt, or in seas grown wide
Delug'd—Ha ! Asia spreading comes : guard well,
Oh ! Job, thy righteousness, or soon be mine ;
I come with vengeful swoop to blast thy line.

PART II.

BOZRAH, AN ANCIENT CITY, WITH A GATE—JOB'S HOUSE IN THE DISTANCE.

(*Enter Job*).

Job.—The east grows, widening pale, where waking light
Stretches her arm : she rising silent, now,
Gathers, from purple orchards of the night,
The golden fruitage from each fading bough.
And now, Mount Seir, and dim, far Ararat,
Where, during ancient times, they tell, the ark
Of Noah, with a drown'd world's remnant, sat ;
Like silv'ry lances pierce the fleeing dark ;
Where Ethiop night behind their summits rolls
His starry chariot, silently ; and scowls
Frowning shades rearward, as he silent speeds :
Now hang rotund his wheels o'er flecker'd verge
Of light, hang beetling ; ere his dappled steeds,
In hesper oceans, plunge, where black waves surge.
How like one of those giants mankind fear—
E'en sons of Amalek, yon mighty tower—
That man, vain man who'd climb to heaven, did rear,
On Babel's plains—looms vast in dawn's dim hour !
The caravan which, late, in Uz did rest,
Whose merchants grac'd my board last eve, made known,
That in the land of Ham they're building one,
A pyramid, to face north, south, east, west.
How, as upon its sky-kiss'd bulk, dawn wakes,
Revealing ruin that daily sinks and breaks,

Babel looks likes an angel fallen ! and where
 Dun clouds hang on its summit, they appear
 Dusk wings—they flap !—Yes !—Ha.—Pass sympathies
 'Tween men and angels ? we know not. Still rise
 Those strange and terrible dreams which last night broke
 My slumbers, peaceful e'er, which when I woke
 Bade me come forth to wander neath the sky ;
 To seek His face, Who is my strength, my high
 Fortress, a lantern to my feet, my life.—
 But lo ! Come forth my children lov'd, lov'd wife.
 For whom, each cheerful morning bending low,
 With anxious heart, I, heavenward, offering send ;
 For who can read the inward soul, or know
 If secretly their Maker they offend ?

(*Enter Job's Wife, Daughters, Daughters-in-law, Sons*).

Wife.—Why rise thus early, Job ! th' herald of morn,
 Night's trainbearer, yon latest star, pale ray
 Sheds yet, where, in watchtower of darkness, lorn,
 It wanes before the growing beams of day.

Sons.—Hail buxom morn, that cheerful wakes,
 On couch of clouds arising slow !
 Through flaxen lash, her blue eye breaks,
 Illuming, gladdening, all below.
 Where mountain, valley, plain, and stream,
 Rejoice in growing brightening beam.

Daughters.—By rosy-fingered hours, 'tir'd tranquilly
 She wears her saffron robe—gold-sandell'd, now,
 Her pavilions of silver noiselessly,
 She beaming walks, where open-porch'd they glow.

Daughters-in-law.—She bathes her cheeks with glittering dew,
 That lav'd, are fresh in rosy hue.
 The breeze flings back her yellow hair,
 Revealing forehead open, fair.

All (save Job).—Hail morn ! That life revives, and hope,
and love.

Job.—Give me the sacred pigeon, turtle-dove.

(He slays and offers them on Altar near ; then says—)

We thank Thee, Father, thron'd in heaven : thank Thee,
For Thy protecting arm through hours of night :
Beseech Thee to vouchsafe, Oh ! Thou Most High,
Thy guidance in the active hours of light.
Though strange oppressiveness weighs down the air,
As if an evil angel's wings there fell :
Yet we may never doubt Thy watchful care,
Oh ! Thou Who dwell'st in heaven, yet, deign'st to dwell
In hearts pure, humble ; God adorable !
Deign to receive our thanksgiving and prayer.

(After a pause all rise).

Canaan.—I tire of all this solemn piety.

Seth.—To Elath come, a feast is there to-day.

Salome.—First, ask our father.

Seth.—As you will, but though
His voice refuse assent, I thither go.

Edom.—And all of us.

Job.—Why consort ye apart,
My goodly boughs ?

Salome.—Oh ! Reverend sire, if thou
Art willing, we'll go forth to Elath, lo !
Our brother, thy Methuselah, with heart
Of joy, keeps there his day of birth.

Job.—Depart
In peace, belov'd ones, and our blessing bear
Unto our firstborn.

Wife.—Job, lend not thine ear
To sloth. Oh ! Daughters I have tasks for ye ;
And if obedient to your mother's voice
Oh ! Sons, ye'll stay at home and labour.

Job.—

Be

Not frugal, Wife, when young hearts would rejoice.

Wife.—Fond Job, deem not I love our children, less
Than thou ; I bore them, milk'd them, and when low
They pin'd in sickness, sooth'd them with caress ;
And all a mother's anxious cares did know :
Then, when, o'erbloom'd with health, they rode my knee,
Or gamboll'd in my pathway laughingly,
I've felt what is a happy mother's joy :
And, as I gaz'd on blossoming girl or boy,
With locks, cheeks, lips like flowers by streams we cull,
Eyes blue as heaven, or brightly beautiful
As stars, I've melted with sweet raptures soft ;
Seem'd blest too much for my belief, as, oft
I ask'd, did these from me spring ? could it be ?
Yet, I'll oppose to-day the song, the dance ;
No hour is this for riot, indolence :
When full the crimson orchard glows ; the vine
Empurples valleys, and flush'd clusters twine
Round pine-hung hills where coveys nestle high ;
When teeming olives weigh down heavily
Rich-laden boughs, and luscious figs hang ripe ;
When burst the labours of straw-tented bee,
And meadows, vocal with the shepherd's pipe,
Bear frisking goats, and lowing herds serene ;
Or pregnant heave with corn that gilds the scene,
When all earth groans with bounty ; seems to stand
Like patient kine, that evening hour, beholds
Full-udder'd, calm, implore the milking hand ;
Whilst numerous rest gregarious sheep in folds—
When thus, fond Job, the afternoon of the year
Smiles jocund, laughs with plenty ; meet it were
To seize the crook, the scythe ; the honest steer
Yoke firm, and pile with sheaves, or grapes, the wain ;

Till rolling home with juicy load, it stain
 The sunny way : 'tis meet, with glancing shears,
 You, flocks relieve of woolly coats, which wears
 Each human form ; then, wreath the spotless bull
 With flowers, the garden's sweetest, and most gay ;
 And to the Power that gives so bountiful,
 On yon stone-altar glad thank-offerings pay.

Job.—Ah ! That what heaven bestow'd to charm man's life,
 Should try Job's patience most,—e'en thou, dear wife ;
 Partner, too much a slave of care art thou :
 Place trust in Providence, and, good wife, know,
 When we rejoice unblam'd, we offerings pay :
 To-morrow, toil will serve, well as to-day,
 To garner in God's gifts strewn everywhere.
 Lov'd Zipporah, our sweet parental joys,
 As we behold these daughters virtuous, fair,
 As we behold these brave and well-lor'd boys,
 Might waken envy in an angel's breast :
 Who could refuse such dear ones a request !
 Go, my fond children, pass this glorious day,
 With our lov'd kinsfolk, in wise jollity.
 Meanwhile, be mine, as seated in the gate,
 To right each grievance of our infant state :
 Then, labour over, leisure round, how sweet
 Within our tent, as sets the sun, to meet !
 To, peaceful, carve the roasted kid, from board
 Hospitable, to traveller meal afford ;
 Whilst to his tale we list, till day's calm close,
 Then, prayers and praises offer'd, seek repose.

Job's Wife.—Go, flutter in the sun, whilst I must keep,
 With maidens, the dull house ; there ply the loom :
 Attend the poultry, and the coted sheep ;
 Howe'er, depart ! Away ! If evil come,
 Since so indulgent grown, you'll blame not me,

Perchance, as Job, your wont is, wrongfully.

Daughters.—We go not forth.

Sons.— Your blessings, Sire.

Job.— Kneel all.

May heaven's choicest gifts upon ye fall,

My children loved—perhaps too much loved, my own !

Sons.—Farewell, good Sire.

Job.— Farewell—my treasure's gone.

I thank Thee for Thy gifts, oh, Lord in heaven.

Thank Thee for children, honour, wealth ; but God

If e'er thou will'st that woe, Thy rod, be given

Thy servant, I beseech Thee, every good

Take from me, ere my children ; take, I pray,

My wealth, my neighbour's praise, so prized, away.

But harm not, Lord, in mercy harm not, one

Hair of their heads—stop them—my dream will rob

Me of my peace.

Wife.— Thou'rt growing foolish, Job.

Jemima.—Their noble forms the camels grace how well.

Look where they journey towards the desert wide.

Kezia.—Music comes tinkling from each camel's bell ;

Hark !—soft—it dies as from our sight they ride.

Keren-happuch.—They fly into the distance heat doth haze,

Handsome, o'erjoyed : their spears like sparks do blaze.

(*Enter chorus of Shepherds and Citizens : halt at the gate*).

Chorus.—Around, on earth ; above, in skies,

Heat, delegate of God,

Darts around his fiery eyes ;

Your camels, Job, stand 'neath the trees,

Parch'd, panting for a cooling breeze,

And burns the torrid sod.

Oh ! heat, all-conquering heat,

The molten heavens own thy sway ;

The streams, the oceans 'neath thy feet,

In glowings dry away.

Chorus of Citizens.—See, where comes Job, the princely Job,
Our wrongs, our troubles, to redress ;
He, spotless, wears dread justice' robe,
He's throned in swerveless righteousness.

(*Job approaches the gate*).

Chorus of Citizens and Shepherds.—Oh ! Who Job's flocks and
herds may tell ?

Measure who his pasture lands ?
Who, count Job's camels, or each well,
That dots the desert's arid sands ?
Whose sons so thewy, brave, as his ?
As Job's whose daughters bloom so fair ?
Supreme our Uzzite in each bliss,
That skies, and earth, and ocean bear.
In purple, and fine linen, veil ;
Whose stores so various, swelled, as his ?
Hail, chief in war and peace, oh ! hail,
Job, prince, priest, judge, in righteousness !

(*Citizens fall down before Job*).

Job.—Good Uzzites, rise, nor bend obsequious knee,
To mortal Job, dust, sinful, frail as ye,
Worm, erring dark ! The good ye so admire
In me, bestows the universal Sire.
I hold it stewardwise, 'tis not my own,
But lent to serve the poor, to raise the prone.
My friends, ere we the business of the day
Approach, we'll as our wont, an offering pay.
So bring ye shepherds firstlings of my flock—
Behold ! The fattest of my herd and best ;
We'll slay them, and then, offer to the blest
Jehovah, on this unhewn altar—rock.
So wills the Lord, and justly may demand
A tithe of what He gives with lavish hand :

Nor Uzzites, may man God bloodthirsty deem,
 Since of His creatures, wherewith earth doth teem,
 He few requires ; whilst men their thousands slay
 Their cruel moods, or carnal lusts, to obey.

(A bullock and a lamb are offered).

All Chorus.—Ye mystic rites, ye do foreshow,
 An offering in the womb of Time ;
 Which when far ages on shall flow,
 Will be brought forth sublime.
 'Twas promis'd Adam, fallen sire !
 'Twas promis'd to our mother, Eve :
 The pine-branch touch with sacred fire,
 Let holy fumes the altar leave.

(All kneel).

Job.—Father of all, from yon cerulean sky,
 On mortal's offering deign to bend Thine eye.

Chorus.—The Lord our offering has receiv'd ;
 The smoke to heaven ascended,
 Like righteous Abel's : and retriev'd
 Our sins, and Mercy sweet descended.

Job.—We thank Thee, Father, sole true God, that Thou
 Deign'st aught receive from man, dark, weak, and low.

Chorus.—Awake ! Awake the solemn string,
 To God in swelling thanksgiving ;
 Whilst judgment seat, beneath the gate,
 Our Job ascends in awful state.

*(A solemn dance to ancient music attends
 Job as he ascends the judgment seat).*

Job.—Ho ! Children of affliction, wrong'd, poor, blind :
 Ye maim'd, approach ! I'll strive your wounds to bind—
 These all ? See, none disabled, lag behind.

(Job presents largesses).

Chorus of Maimed and Blind.—Thanks, generous Job, incarnate
 charity,

Thou, who e'er strengthenest the feeble knee.

Job.—It warms my heart to find ye are so few,
 Not that I grudge my humble meeds to you.
 Oh ! fellowmen, our world's in infancy ;
 My heaven-inspired and prophetic soul ;
 Doth, at this hour, through future ages roll,
 And, brethren lov'd, what horrors there I see !
 Myriads of Wants, and Pain's, gaunt family !
 Our vigorous world shall lose its hale bright youth,
 And age succeed with weakness, doating dreams ;
 Till fair shall rise the promis'd sun of truth,
 Then will she glow in more than pristine beams :
 But future ill must not the present gloom.
 We'll now, our duties, pleasing toils ! resume.

(Job presents largess to others).

Chorus of Citizens.—When man dispenses treasures,
 To fellow-man deserving,
 Wealth affords its noblest pleasures ;
 Himself with them he's serving.
 And, though afar, resembles God,
 Who robes the earth, else cold and bare ;
 Of varied plenty piles a load,
 On lands, on oceans, and on air.

A Woman.—Great Job I am, a maid of Babylon,
 Dark ey'd Semiramis, some call ; my story
 Oh ! hear. Yon libertine my love has won,
 And leaves me, now.

A Widow.— From Memphis I ; this hoary
 Merchant, great Job, wrong'd me of shekels nine.

Job.—I am here for justice. Wed this stranger maid—
 You, to this widow old of Cheop's line,
 Restore thy ill-got wealth ; do right with speed,
 Or, sons of Cain, this javelin smites ye both.

Chorus of Uzzites.—Though far off, somewhat man resembles God,

When he impartial wields stern Justice' rod.

Youth.—I'll wed the Chaldean maid.

Job.— Well said, oh ! youth.

Old Man.—And to the Egyptian I'll twofold restore.

Job.—Merchant, whose sires did found Damascus ; and

Young pride of Thebes ; as late I did abhor,

I love ye, now ; approach, and kiss my hand.

Chorus of Uzzites.—Though far off, somewhat man resembles
God,

When he bids mercy wield the penal rod.

Job.—Ye scenes of wrong and guilt, ah ! sad array !

As, pond'ring, the dark conclave I survey :

Wonder, at heaven's forbearance, whelms my soul ;

I marvel that the disobedient whole

It smites not ; if for truth and justice fam'd,

Our Uz, exhibits sins so manifold ;

What must be seen where men with sin inflam'd,

Worship false gods, and rites, dark, mystic, hold !

Abel.—To-day, in Elath, men do honour Baal.

Job.—How say you ? worship Baal in Elath ? There

My belov'd sons are gone : they could not know

Of this : they'd not deceive me thus. No, no,

They'd not deceive their lord and father. Oh !

I'm wrung with dire forebodings. Dear God ! spare

Me that great anguish ; let me not bewail

That child of mine has fallen, Lord, from Thee,

And sunk to hateful, false idolatry.

Thou one true God ! Ere so, I'd hear they're dead.

(Job rises).

Saddle my fleetest camel, fleetest steed,

We, instantly, to Elath, must proceed.

(Job is descending, but halts midway).

Hark ! hark ! Who comes, on mighty wings draws near ?

Chorus.—Darkness, darkness, darkness.

Job— Oh ! Lord, God, hear !
And save Thy servants.

(Satan flies over Uzz).

Strange portentous flight !

Which o'er the sunn'd noon ominous darkness cast ;
As if was born from day's womb sudden night !
Whate'er it bode we thank Thee, God, 'tis past.

A Shepherd.—I saw an angel as I hither came ;
One of the dark-wing'd ; clad in crimson flame,
Which stirr'd not, he appear'd a rugged sun,
Envelop'd dire with mists, where still he shone :
Oh ! vast and dimly terrible was he :
How unlike spirits bright of eventide,
With gorgeous wings begirt, who musically
Twang lyres of mists, as through the woods they glide ;
Whose waving wings flutter where few the leaves,
Like gliding sunsets which the twilight weaves !
Awful, resembling piles of fiery rocks,
He silent sat, beside the redden'd stream ;
His rugged brow hung hid with massive locks,
Which distant mountborne yew-trees I did deem ;
As on his hand he lean'd his heavy head,
And far around sad gloomy shadows shed :
A mighty spear stood resting by his side,
And, where it zigzag rose, gleam'd silvery ;
You'd deem'd tall cataracts did downward glide,
From dreadful fire-brow'd mountains towering high.

Job.—Methinks o'er Uzz that spirit swoop'd, in flight
Dark as yon sky where now gleam stars of night ;
Where veil'd in black the sun glows sullen, red,
Like fallen angels' glories, faded, shed.

Chorus.—From ebon caves where slumbering
Thunders lay coil'd in heat, droop'd sable wing,
They rose ; peer'd forth as pass'd he by :

They groan'd deep sullen groans.
 The lightnings from vermillion thrones,
 Staring, leap'd eagerly.
 But shut from terror, shining eye ;
 The winds, by his stretch'd pinions driven,
 Rattling shook earth, drove onward heaven ;
 When angel dark flew by.
 Now like pil'd clouds he hovers o'er,
 The city where thy sons, Oh ! Job ;
 In garland, and in festal robe,
 To joy libations pour.

Job.—I tremble, friends, yet wherefore should Job fear ?
 I will be strong, assur'd my God is near.

Chorus of Citizens.—The vales that lately golden glow'd ;
 The mountains, recent blue, he shades ;
 The stream that placid silv'ry flow'd,
 The verdant groves, the flowery meads
 Where they meander'd, awful loom,
 Obscurely veil'd in sudden gloom.

Old Shepherd.—I've liv'd two hundred years, but never knew
 Such storm as rag'd last night ; the tempest blew,
 Like yelling demons which in legions rode.
 The palm which o'er my hut so long has stood,
 By roots up-torn, lies vanquished on the sand.

Several.—Branches bestrew the ways on every hand.

A Shepherd.—Darker than mother Eve's eyes, gloom o'erhead
 Roll'd dense, as though the prince of air outspread
 His wings ; as burden'd sore, night groan'd with pain ;
 Like drops of agony fell bubbling rain :
 The lightnings came ; and went all suddenly,
 As if alarm'd 'mid scene so wild to stay ;
 When mountains breathing fire stood horror-struck,
 Whilst thunders seem'd their voices that outbroke,
 Muttering loud wails of anguish ; nor till rose

The eyelids silver-lash'd of morn, did night
 Its sobbings hush ; then nature sought repose :
 Lay sleeping 'neath the opening gaze of light.

Chorus of Citizens.—Who bounds so swiftly o'er the shaded plains
 On steed, all lightning-hoof'd, uncurb'd with reins ?
 Now screen'd by groves of dates—now free in day,
 He races—plunges on—he comes this way.

(Enter the First Messenger).

Messenger.—Lord Job, judge, chieftain, priest, thy cattle were
 Calm ploughing, thy she-asses by their side ;
 When lo ! the Sabean's robber-race drew near,
 Off-sweeping all, so sweeps Euphrates' tide.
 They, milch-kine and she-asses bore away,
 Alas ! in all the valley only me,
 Thy servant, spar'd, to bring the woe to thee.

(Enter Second Messenger).

Second Messenger.—Lord Job, the fire of God from heaven did fall,
 It burnt thy flocks, consum'd thy servants all ;
 Behold, sore scorch'd, alone, I thither flee,
 To bring, my lord ! the tidings dire to thee.

(Enter Third Messenger).

Third Messenger.—Lord Job, judge, priest, and prince ; in three-
 fold bands
 The Chaldeans swept thy camels off thy lands ;
 Have borne them to the cedar-mountains, yea,
 With edge of sword, did all thy servants slay ;
 And gave to vultures : I, alone, did flee
 On madden'd steed ; the tidings bring to thee.

(Enter Fourth Messenger).

Fourth Messenger.—Death, sorrow, woe ! Hope, joy, fled ever-
 more.

Job, pardon me, Job, friend unto the poor.
 Thy sons and daughters-in-law did all carouse ;
 Rejoicing in their elder brother's house :
 They ate the tender kid, broke wheaten bread,
 Pass'd loud the bowl that glow'd with Syrian wine,
 When lo ! great winds came from the wilderness
 And the four corners of the house smote. Yes,
 It fell on the young men, who all are dead.
 Job, lifeless lie the male race all, of thine :
 And I, Oh ! worthless slave, alone did flee,
 To bring, Oh ! Job, the tidings dread to thee.

Chorus, Shepherds and Citizens.—Oh ! misery, Oh ! misery,

Behold, where stricken Job,
 Awful in anguish clasps his trembling hands.
 Now writhing, rends and rends his flowing robe.
 Now dumb with huge amazement stagger'd stands—
 Oh ! misery, Oh ! misery.
 Behold, where fallen Job,
 Of late how bless'd, lies prone and bites the ground !
 Now, lies in wonder hush'd : his lordly robe
 In folds which stir not, slumber solemn round.

(Enter Wife and Daughter).

Wife.—What general wail of wide calamity,

Brings all our Uzzites to the crowded gate ?

Daughters.—Dear sire, why on the ground thus prostrate
 lie ?

Wife.—Is this my lord ? and gone his once proud state ?

Chorus.— Oh ! misery, Oh ! misery.

Behold, where Job throws earth on his bare head,

His beard, and locks of silver, tears ;

Now, writhes convuls'd with torments, fears—

Now lies, dumb, moveless, prone, as lies the dead.

Wife and Daughters.—Oh ! misery, Oh ! misery.

(*The dead Sons are borne in, followed by Daughters-in-law*).

Daughters-in-law.—They're slain, they're slain, our husbands,
woe, woe, woe.

Chorus of Shepherds and Citizens.—Of women wretchedest is
wife of Job,

Lo ! like a queen dethron'd, she tears her robe.

Oh ! misery, Oh ! misery.

Wife.—Look, look, where mighty Job, lies speechless, low.

Daughters-in-law.—What may we do, and whither may we go ?

All.— Oh ! misery, Oh ! misery.

Faith.—Lo ! Patience on a white cloud comes this way ;

Where Mercy rears her shield and keeps at bay

Satan, who follows, shadowing more the day.

Chorus.—More clouds, more clouds, enwrap the skies,

(*Mercy weeps*) As sore they wept, falls heavy rain ;

Winds mournful sough, as earth heav'd sighs,

In thunders nature mutters pain,

All.— Oh ! misery, Oh ! misery.

Chorus of Citizens.—Behold ! our stricken priest, prince, rises
slow.—

Now clasps, with trembling hands, his heavy brow,—

Now, high those charitable hands doth raise.

Now kneels on earth. Now lifts to heaven his gaze.

Job.—I came forth naked from my mother's womb,

And naked shall return unto my tomb ;

The Lord gave, and The Lord hath tak'n away,

Blessed be the name of The Lord.

Daughters.— Oh ! day

Of woe. Ah ! rumours direful true.

Wife.— Abhor'd !

Despiteful hateful day ! comfortless hour !

Chorus of Shepherds and Citizens.—Of women wretchedest is
wife of Job

She tears her reverend locks, she spurns her robe.

Job.—And can these things be true? wife, wife! Oh! Oh!

Wife.—They would go forth, thou would'st consent accord.

If my spurn'd voice had had restraining power,

Then all were well ; they yet would live, but now—

Chorus of Shepherds and Citizens.—She looks around : she goes
unto the dead.

She weeps—she beats her breast—kneels by the bier,

Where lie her sons along in blackened row :

Job grasps her hand, she speechless shakes her head.

Adown their aged cheeks falls silent tear.

Job.—Zipporah, comfort take.

Wife.— Whence ?

Job.— Ah ! I know

Not.

Wife.— Till these blacken'd corsers speak, until

They bid me comfort have, I'll have none. Let

Them curse me, so I hear their voices ; all

Other sounds bid me miss them more. My boys !

My glories ! hopes ! How beautiful and tall

They were, this morn ! Now—scorch'd—gone all my joys !

Job.—Hide, hide me worm-fill'd earth ! Skies on me fall !

Daughters.—Come mother, sire, come home.

Wife.— Not yet.

Job.— Not yet.

Wife.—No more shall sounds of mirth our chambers fill.

Nor be our horn exalted more : when Job

Shall pass from earth his name shall pass : the robe

Of judge, priest, prince, his seed must never wear.

Daughters.--Let's guide ye to our once delightful home.

Chorus.—They go unto the corses black,

They hide in trembling hand the brow ;

They move—they weep—once more gaze back—

Now to their daughters sobbing go.

Oh ! woe, Oh ! sudden woe.

Job and Wife.—Alas ! I fear I lov'd them more than ye.

Daughters.—Lean on us ; look on us ; come home, come, come.

Job.—Oh ! Uzzites, at his home so blest of late

Ye'll find your stricken judge : there let me wait

High heaven's will. Lopp'd all my branches lie,

And leave me bare indeed : torn is my robe ;

The sceptre gone from miserable Job.

(Exeunt Job and family. Chorus of Shepherds bear the slain Sons. Citizens follow. Patience hovers over Job).

Chorus of Citizens.—Man, wretched man, thou'rt born to sin and pain and woe,

As sparks fly upward ; time in ceaseless rapid flow

Bears thee along ; thy autumn soon arriv'd,

Beholds thee a sere leaf of warmth depriv'd,

Float on the winds that sough unseen ;

Oh ! like a passing song has been

All hapless mortal's life,

Low, full of strife,

A vain

Pain.

Satan.—Wing thee aside and suffer me to pass.

Mercy.—Thou may'st not.

Satan.—Hence.

Mercy.—No, not for all thy legions.

Satan.—Job is mine, I may torment him as I will,

So thy all-merciful Lord, Who rules above,

Permitted in His, ha ! all-pitying love ;

His gracious utterance only I fulfil.

Mercy.—Would'st thou didst't emulate The Lord, thou who

On heights design'd for joy enthronest woe ;

Hence failure mars God's loving plan. Alas !

Satan.—Oppose no more, but recollect that thou

Art not in heaven with seraphs round thee, no

And strengthen'd by the presence of thy lord ;
Nor weaken'd I by good's reflex abhorr'd.
Away, then ! spirit soft, and leave these regions
To me : with stubborn Patience voyage whence
Ye came ; and tell your King I drove you hence.

Mercy.—Back, boaster vain.

Satan.— Hence, lest this spear now probe
Those silvery clouds—thy widely-sweeping robe.
And cleave thy starry zone.

Mercy.— This flower-boss'd shield
Temper'd with love ethereal which I bear ;
Whose shade, though rarely seen, falls everywhere,
Protecting ; blunts all weapons you can wield.
From insult, opposition, I perchance
Retire ; but force e'er vanquish with a glance.

Satan.—Then, pestilent spirit, vanquish now.

Mercy.— I will.

And thus, and thus, I drive thee from this star.

Satan.—Offended Mercy, eyes invincible
Oh ! turn from me.

Mercy.— Daunted so soon ! Back ! far
Thou yet must wing.

Satan.— Leave me to breathe earth's dense
Cold air.

Mercy.—Courageous with the impotent,
Suppliant with the strong ! Thou must thy flight
Pursue, to where limits chaotic night,
This arc of the universe ; to realm more drear ;
More far from God, centre of worlds, Fiend, hence !

Satan.—With too resentful speed I'm onward hurl'd
From earth's pale sun, and each companion world.

Mercy.—Here thou may'st flight delay. How dim the sphere
Of earth beneath us rolls rotund sunlit ;
A wheeling globular mist ! Satan, where, bent,

Her atmosphere below us curves ; what mark
You thence emerging each a radiant spark ?

Satan.—Horror ! I see the souls of infants, those
I pain'd, but lost through death.

Mercy.— In angel's breast,
They're calmly soaring to the stars of rest ;
And gliding past thee, innocently gaze.

Satan.—To darkness let us haste.

Mercy.— Not, Satan, yet.
Far, rising plum'd with flame seven chariots blaze ;
Who in the beauty of holiness goes,
There, bright with wondering bliss ? tell me.

Satan.— They are,
Sight hateful ! souls of righteous men, I could
Subject not ; yonder beggar would'nt purloin
What time I urg'd him : by him sits a king,
I could not lure to war, and tyranny,
With promise large of empire ; glittering
A brighter crown than he had worn, I see
Shines placid on his smiling brow : yon youth
I could not win from virtue ; nor from truth,
Yon aged woman, man, and maid ; withstood
My siege all those who float along serene.

Mercy.—They cast on thee assur'd reproachful gaze.

Satan.—I'll look no more ; loss irretrievable !
Yet with my just rage comfort I will join ;
Assur'd my myrmidons bear down to hell,
Souls numerous as guardian angels raise,
Triumphal unto bliss.

Mercy.— Man, in his dreams,
Short-liv'd, low, visionary ; little deems
Of mightier visions in earth's atmosphere,
That from his senses screen'd, glide, fall, soar there ;
Without a sabbath. Fiend, thy flight resume.—

Man torpid, deems there's motion swift in light ;
Could he conceive with what surpassing flight
We ether cleave, he'd deem that rays move slow.

Satan.—How reel the worlds around ! How swims my brow !

Mercy.—Fallen Archangel, there's no mystery,
Like that grim satisfaction felt by thee,
In doling ruin ; only, to thee, delight.

Satan.—Ay, and my only joy : did Mercy know
The barrenness of bliss I suffer ; thou
Wouldst deem it grateful to hurl others down,
To thy drear level ; and would in a groan,
Hear music.

Mercy.— Other strains thee charm'd, what time
Thou 'mid heaven's symphonies struck lyre sublime ;
And breath'd the noblest strain. Around us loom
Earth's comrade-worlds—their sun behind us glows,
Round, red, and the next system dawning shows :
Yet dimmer than the one whose bourne we rove.
Say, Lucifer, as wing we, where that dire
Thing evil nam'd grew, which, like deadly fire
Slept screen'd in thy seraphic lonely breast ;
Where loyalty to God did seem to rest ?
What wast thou, that where all was perfect, good ;
Evil unknown, unheard of, evil should,
From thy being's depths arise, and, like a cloud,
Creation, erst unspotted, soil, and shroud ?
Alas ! the hour ; to muse on it, my brow
Aches, and my spirit weeps—relax thy flight
Somewhat, and, scourge of th' universe ! say how
It, coiled in thee, lay hid from angels' sight
Through lengthen'd ages, when, among the bright
Thou seem'd the brightest ?

Satan.— Spirit, that secret's known
To God, omniscient, and to me, alone :

He form'd me, but how evil came in me ;
Me, born of love, created purity ;
What secret influences nurs'd it there,
And why 'twas not annihilated, ere
Too potent grown for conquest—how it grew,
Age after age, still crescent, stealing through
My essence ; till develop'd, to be pent
Too huge, it burst from me ; and in its vent
Swept like a hurricane half good away ;
And I became that good's arch-enemy.—
I'll not divulge to living one : in vain
The elders seated round His Throne, again,
And yet again, desire to fathom this
Prime mystery ; through the various climes of bliss,
All angels pore on it in vain : that thing—
Whose world for dimmer still we leave in rear,
That dust, vile man ! that insect without wing :
That wretched monster, earth half, spirit half,
Who I'm my rival bid acknowledge—laugh !
Oh ! fellow-seraph—that abortion, I
Despise, detest, oh ! how unutterably ;—
And would revoke my enmity to God,
If He'd resign him to my vengeful rod—
He opes his earth-formed—pah ! his little mouth,
Styling himself philosopher, forsooth ;
And dares the subtle question ask : how rose
Evil ? then, since his finite reason, does
Not answer—how should torpid spirit, solve
What the sublimest angels dark revolve !—
Doth God, and heaven, and me, and hell, at once
Deny, and future weal, and woe, renounce.
Sufficient for him to know evil is ;
And had it vanquish'd good not then, were his
The question, for he'd not existed ; or

If been, his reason I had blighted all :
 Not me the argumentative dust with lore
 Vile, arrogant, had pos'd ; but scourged thrall !
 Heart-chain'd, soul-numb'd, had hopeless serv'd my will :
 I'd crush'd him down in gloom unutterable ;
 As in his poor contemptible tyranny,
 The proud pretentious mite, reflecting me,
 Triumphs o'er fellow-dust where'er he rules ;
 And deems his servile thousands, toys, or tools.
 Not I had shown forbearance, shown by God,
 But as on man's neck treads man, so I'd trod.

Mercy.—For once I give thee credence.

Satan.—

I avow

Design'd not Jehovah to create man ;
 That novel creature heaven's delights should know :
 I'd haply not rebell'd ; behold ! the fan
 Which stirr'd that fire long smouldering in me.

Mercy.—

Dare

You to confess that spreading life's bright sphere
 Prompted rebellion ! Ah ! could envy move
 A heaven-born breast since wider journey'd love ?
 Oh ! shame to angel-kind when one would keep
 From others, mite of good all plenteous reap !
 Had not The Source of being, beauty, bliss,
 Just right to exercise his love's excess ?
 It robb'd thee nought, then, wherefore take offence,
 When vaster grew a vast benevolence !
 And has thy vaunted promise that thou'dst riven
 Our chains—so named by thee—and freed all heaven
 Through love, dwindled to this. Malevolence ?
 Envy ? Resume thy flight, fast—faster—hence.

Satan.—Oh ! voyage long :—light, paler than earth's sun
 Sheds, gleams around—and still it grows more pale.
 In thickening darkness rearward disappear
 Of these spheres the utmost suns, round, sullen, red :

And on the realms of twilight forward ; shed
 A lurid glare, that wanes as we wing on.
 Whilst all grows dim—more dim.

Mercy.— Where yonder verge
 The shaded regions on obscurest sphere ;
 Oh ! Lucifer, we'll rest.

Satan.— Nor rest, nor peace
 Exists.

Mercy.—Not for the disobedient—still,
 All grows more dim : in convoluting shade,
 Mist-hung, the border spheres of darkness surge
 Before us ; where, with glooms invulnerable,—
 Those solitudes of night, eternal, dread,
 None may explore—they mingle. Lo ! Emerge
 From gulfs of distance th' unform'd worlds, in veil
 Of shade ; not yet instinct with motion, nor
 Enrob'd with light, which shall envelope all.
 Beneath, where darkness now our way doth vault ;
 They look like fallen angels, evermore
 To solitude, and dumbness, doom'd.

Uranus.— I feel
 The approach of evil. Now, perceive two forms
 Come floating towards these realms of ceaseless storms :
 One, like a travelling moon o'er gloom, twilight
 Of tender glory throws : the other streaming,
 Drear, sullen ; in dim grandeur, like a night,
 Studded with few blue stars, follows : far gleaming
 'Mid shades his diamond sandalled feet, dusk air
 Weigh down ; whilst belt, o'erarching vast, confines
 His misty robe, and 'neath dark mantle shines
 Obscure—lo ! now pale starry light is shed,
 Where binds a coronet his gloom-hung head ;
 That downbent, and as forced, in rearward comes.
 Now 'mid the gleams his face, sad, haughty looms ;

And lo ! 'mid night-clouds of his shaggy hair,
 Like suns through mist his eyeballs haggard glare :
 Hark ! Chaos troubled grows—who comes ?

Mercy.— Spirit ; fear

Not. Mercy nears.

Uranus.— And Satan ?

Mercy.— Chain'd. Why here,

Uranus ?

Uranus.— If through realms of shadow, eye,
 Of spirit, can pierce, 'mid dimness dense you'll see
 That groups of new-formed worlds around us loom :
 The latest they, which in these parts, our God
 Has deign'd to form : I guard them and await
 The coming of Messiah to reveal
 Their forms, and lessen more the realms of gloom.

Satan.—Alas ! still flows o'er darkness, luminous flood.

Uranus.—But delegate of heaven, sweet Mercy mild !

What dost thou in these limits of the uniform'd ?

Mercy.—I regions seek from God more distant still.

The border-realms of chaos, climes e'er storm'd !

Where masses feed creation, there to chain

Satan, whom here I hold.

Uranus.— Mercy, fulfil

Thy destiny. Pass !

Satan.— Glorious destiny

Is Lucifer's ! I equal The Most High :

If smiles at his approach the universe ;

At mine it shrinks in dark magnificence ; thus,

A homage pays of fear and hate to me.

These ponderous heights and gulfs of gloom, in sphere

Thou rul'st Uranus, ere Satan drew near

Rose dimly visible ; but as I pass,

Before me fade ; black undistinguished mass !

Mercy.—Enough. Thy flight, Archangel fallen, resume.

Satan.—Why hal'st thou me along ? I strive to rend
In vain thy flowery fetters.

Mercy.— Ay, in vain.
In most triumphant periods of thy hate ;
Godwarn'd for man I scourge thee, or the child
Fragile, of earth thou wouldst o'erwhelm.

Satan.— I would.

Mercy.—On man God's love unwearied e'er shall rest.
He scorns me, yet, I'll force him to be blest.
But look ! o'er us impenetrable night,
Concave, hangs beetling ; vanquishing all light.
Lo ! Bulks design'd for worlds, on either hand
In silent darkness frown, and pond'rous stand :
As probe our tir'd wings glooms, it seems they brook
But ill our presence, and upon us bend
A sullen gaze. Hark ! distant chaos roars,
Where lashing drear the non-essential shores
Of the unrevealèd, void. Here, Satan, halt.

Satan.—Spirit of love—

Mercy.— On this unkindled sun,
I chain thee—sneer avails thee not, nor frown.
Thou'rt in my toils. Down prince of evil, down.
Thus, thus I chain thee.

Satan.— How is this, that prone,
Subdued I lie, prostrate reluctant thrall !
And the most soft of angels conquers me ?
Release me. Oh ! release me ! By this chained
Yet potent arm, Tyrant Omnipotent
With lightnings charr'd, with novel thunders tore—
By my firm spirit that has never bent
From a fix'd aim, though tortuous course it feigned—
Fear my assaulting vengeance when again
I'm free ; if thou severest not this chain,
I charge thee burst it, torture me no more.

Mercy.—Deem not malignant serpent, dragon vile
Thou may'st inflict woe, pain unmerited,
Nor suffer retribution.

Satan.— How long, say,
Seraph despis'd, must I these fetters wear ?

Mercy.—Haply till Job for safety, yet must bear,
Afflictions more ; then 'twill be thine to pile
Sorrows enlarg'd on his devoted head ;
Detestable office ! which thou lov'st too well.
Till then, on this orb unillum'd, enchained
Revolve, by all remorse's vultures pain'd ;
I wing to climes of love, ambrosial ray,
And thee resign to solitary hell.

Satan.—Oh ! agony—ay me.

Mercy.— Like violet skies
Beheld in earth's late evenings, distant lies
The god of darkness and of evil ; dim,
But not invisible ; for pallid clime
His glory wan'd, not all eclipsed, all lost,
Sheds o'er yon pitchy void, nigh chaos' coast :
And mid the glimmerings of his twilit zone,
I mark in writhings heave immense his form,
Like rolling clouds that hold the thundrous storm,
And wait the fated hour to shake it down.
Again, I, Job must seek.

(Mercy flies away.)

Satan.—The sun more slow
Revolves ; and gives me pause to see my woe ;
Still, as I wheel around, there's darkness.—Far,
More far, wings, Mercy—far, I see her plumes,
Tipp'd with pale light, where nearest sun illumines
Them, winnowing wide. How soft they move away,
In silence ; wave like sunset, when a day
Fades peaceful.—Gone !—and I'm alone. Break, break

Soft fetters, than the adamant's more strong !
 And ease me of these torments. Hell, Oh ! Hell
 More poignant agonies are mine, than when
 Condens'd, His lightnings riv'd me, as among
 Thy rocks of fire, stupid, I headlong fell !
 Smote by their brows, where everlasting storm
 Rages, and frowns incessant : fell to wake
 In thy drear realms astounded : for, oh ! Then,
 My foe was even the Omnipotent.
 But now, the weakest cherub of them all
 Condemns me to inaction ; prostrate, rent.
 Angels, I ye invoke ! who, though my form
 Revolves in gloom, behold me. Ye who near
 These regions of the amphitheatre
 Of the universe ; survey me writhing thus,
 With joy ; me, fear'd of all that universe—
 Thrones, Powers, Dominions, unto ye I call !
 When God, did yield me Job, say, was it just
 Heaven's powers should aid probationary dust ?
 Patience o'erhovering from her still urn rain
 The balm that soothes the soul, assuages pain ?
 Me, Mercy, chain to this revolving sphere ?
 Angels, who list my words and view me here
 Oh ! answer.—Silent all ! Though no voice come,
 Through this dark vault, immeasurable dome ;
 Yet o'er the hush profound, echo'd each tone,
 I utter'd, thunders booming on, and on.
 Through night—through dimness—twilight—by suns, stars
 Innumerable—by earth—the brighter spheres—
 Booms on till broke by central Throne ; where He,
 Careless, in mighty sloth, enshrin'd in light,
 Sits lone, surveying all.

GOD.

Can one, whose love and might,

Upholds the universe ; whose sleepless providence
Watches unwearied o'er all the worlds that be ;
Ever know carelessness, ever know indolence ?

Satan.—The voice of God ! reverberating far,
Through space illimitable it reaches here.
I will reply.—Thine Omnipresence, all
The angels through the universe enslaves :
Hence of those shining myriads, dares not one
Respond to my appeal, so fears appal.—
Degenerated spirits ! dauntless once, now prone
How tyranny dissipates strength, depraves !—
But were they of my mind, not long 'twere so
Did they regard Thee, tyrant, as I do,
Thou'dst cease to crush them ; soon, Thy matchless beam
Was of the past ; as mortals' fleeting dream,—
Angels, knew ye but freedom, soon, this dim
Concave, where I revolve ; with seraphim
And cherubim were luminous ; as from
Your star-thrones ye would eager leap, and come,
Me to release, shedding contrition's tears !
Ah ! I must weep, so much your fetters move
Me ; rise to noble daring, meet that love !
Gods ! why not taste the pride of being free ?
Approach ! I promise ye power, liberty.
Alas ! I vainly do address dull ears
Unus'd to glory's sounds ; of spirits whom fears
Have held so long in enervating sway ;
Such never cease to tremble, crouch, obey :
Not theirs the energy divine that flings
Off tyrants, chains, though He be King of kings.
O ! bitter thought ! that heaven has sunk to this,
That among the unnumber'd sons of bliss,
All are degenerate, dastard ; all, all, past
Redemption. So, with me, and mine, was cast,

All dignity from heaven ; and nought remains
Save cowardice, where proud Jehovah reigns.
And let Him reign, and be ye slaves ! Oh ! ye
Unworthy ; till fulfill'd that prophecy
Which says, He'll take flesh to the Godhead ; yes
In your obedience fatal, slumber : kiss
His world-borne feet ; till that prime shame be wrought
On spirit-nature ; but if I can thwart
It, never done. Yet will I ask a service ; dare,
Dare any seraph leave his orb, and where
In spheres of liberty, my loyal dwell :
Free in infernal worlds, voyage to tell ;
Those watching faithful, that the God they love
And serve, huge realms from all lies chain'd ; above
The abyss of the uninhabitable void :
Albeit, with will unconquer'd, loftier buoy'd
Than fawners bright who me behold, where they
Reign silent envious in supernal day.
Methinks through space ring peals of angel-laughter :
I'll bear indignities no more : chains burst,
Break, or I'll rend away this sun, though after
I ever bear it to this form accurst.
Nay, I'm deceiv'd : the nearest angels, as
I watch them by the shores of twilight, pass ;
Now gliding slow ; now like to shooting star,
Skimming the seas of morning ; wing too far,
For audience ; hark, again ; more near those sounds
As rushing wings stirr'd this original gloom,
Their echo, 'gainst the orb I'm stretch'd on, bounds.
Oh ! can it be one of my legions come,
Wand'ring, to this dim bourne of the universe ?
From realms that chains invisible suspend
Thereto, infernal regions ! where the curse
Of God I bear ; and rankling without end,

Or intermission, silent scoffs, or loud ;
 From wretched fallen multitudes, I vow'd
 To lead to empire ? Oh ! can it be one
 Of such, full of upbraidings, seeks me ? No,
 Not thus ; for all is still—again the sun
 Unlit, revolves—fast—faster, torment ! Oh !—
 Once more the unlit world on which I'm bound,
 Revolves more slow and I can gaze around.
 Tyrant Almighty ! I glory, though I'm chained
 On this dark orb ; a rack of glooms sore pain'd,
 Hurl'd in revolving course—glory in this,
 That I am still thy peer : for if in bliss
 And good Thou art the highest, so am I
 Supreme ; supreme in ill and misery.

GOD.

Fallen angel ! punishment by thee must still be borne ;
 And thereby evil orb'd within obedient bound :
 Kindness, in thee would only waken hate and scorn

And thou'dst be still more curst and evil widened found.

Satan.—Thou shalt not bless me, for all beings see
 Bestowing blessings yet more blesseth Thee :
 Therefore, from self-delight to bless Thou'lt deign :
 And since as spreads pain, woe ; still spreads Thy pain
 Thy woe, I rather would bear curses more ;
 Since that would feed Thy grief 'twill not be so.
 Think not with good to o'ercome evil, nor,
 That the universe, as Thou wouldst, Thee shall e'er adore,
 A perfect orb of bliss—Pile on me yet more woe.

JOB'S HOUSE.

(*Job surrounded by his family. Uzzites, &c.*)

Chorus of Uzzites.—Our city wears a mournful rest,
 All Uz is wrapp'd in woe,

Because earth's happiest, and best
Lies fell'd with sudden blow.

Youthful Uzzites.—Behold, where Job sits on the ground,
Ashes bestrew his once proud head ;
Sackcloth begirds his loins around ;
Alas ! his might, his glory's fled.

Chorus of Shepherds.—Our prince would rise, but falleth weak,
Upon his trembling hand, Ah ! See,
Sinking on tottering feeble knee,
Our patriarch gazing high doth speak.

Job.—Jehovah, Lord of all I yet adore Thee,
Parent of men and angels I implore Thee,
To hear my prayer. What trials soe'er Thou'lt shed,
All-wise : upon Thy sinful servant's head :
Lord, deign to grant, Oh ! grant me that I may,
In resignation, on Thy goodness stay :
May feel, blest faith ! a gracious Father's care,
Chastens in love when it afflicteth me ;
Then, taught by patience, I shall meekly bear,
And know Thou'lt not o'erwhelm me utterly.
Oh ! Father, Saviour, hear me, I implore Thee !
Forsake me not, compel me to adore Thee.

Chorus of Shepherds.—Bright, placid, grow his features, form,
No more he clasps his hands, nor weeps ;
But calm as ocean after storm
He kneels—as hush'd, when infant sleeps,
The chamber grows—Job silence breaks.

Job.—Man born of woman is of a few hours,
And full of trouble ; he comes like the flowers,
And is cut down : he flees like shade that lowers.

Chorus.—Job's voice moans windlike, hark, he speaks.

Job.—Oh ! that I were as in months past ; as in
Those happy days when God preserv'd me ; when
His candle shone upon mine head ; when, by

His light, I walk'd through darkness ; when was nigh
 Th' Almighty: when my children round me were ;
 When I did wash my steps with butter ; there
 For me, from rocks, rivers of oil did flow.
 When to the gate I went the city through,
 Where I my seat prepared in the street,
 The young men saw me, and forebore to meet
 My gaze reproving ; the aged all arose.
 The nobles held their peace, princes did close
 Their lips from talking, on the mouth laid hand ;
 When the ear heard me, smiles then blessed me bland,
 When it beheld me honour'd me each eye,
 Because I help'd the poor, when they did cry ;
 The fatherless, and him whom none would aid :
 Through me the widow's heart joy's music play'd,
 I put on righteousness which garbs did seem,
 My judgment was a robe and diadem.
 Oh ! then, I said, I shall die in my nest ;
 My root spread out was by the waters blest :
 The dew lay all night on my branch ; and men
 Waited for me as for the latter rain,
 I dwelt as kings their armies dwell among :
 But now I am their byword, yea, their song :
 They whose fathers with dogs even of my flock,
 I'd had disdain'd to set, deride me, mock.
 In former times they who me view with mirth,
 Did dwell in cliffs of valleys, caves of earth.
 Oh ! now, my harp is turn'd to mourning deep ;
 My organ to the voice of them that weep.

Wife.—Oh ! sorrow !

Daughters.— Lamentation !

Sisters.— Anguish !

Daughters-in-law.— Woe !

Wife.—Is't thus the powers on high their mercies show

To righteous men ? let wicked ones them praise :
 Since with the joys of earth are heap'd their days.

Job.—Though some remove the landmarks ; violently
 The widow's ox for pledge do drive away ;
 They as wild asses in the desert, go
 Forth for their prey ; when pale the dawn doth glow.
 They everyone his corn reaps in the field,
 Gather the wicked's vintage in the weald :
 They bid the naked go without relief ;
 And, from the hungry, take away the sheaf ;
 Who're wet with showers of the mountains, and,
 For want of shelter, rocks embracing, stand ;
 Who suffer thirst while they winepresses tread ;
 And oil in walls of rich men—but when shed
 On such the dawn like shadows 'tis of death ;
 If one knew them, their souls death's terrors sheathe,
 Not they the vineyard's ways behold, and lo !
 They are awhile exalted, then brought low.
 Cut off as tops of ears of corn ; worms feed
 Sweetly on them ; they're broken as a reed.

Sisters and Daughters-in-law.—Farewell.

Wife.— Yes, yes, I knew friends would depart.

Oh ! few companions seek the broken heart.

Daughters-in-law.—Heaven sends these troubles, woman proud,
 to cure,

Thy haughtiness, extravagance, be sure.

Sister.—Shall Job's wife know all good, and never ill ?

Heaven long, thy husband's goblet brimm'd did fill
 With fortune's rosy wine, now drink the gall.

Wife.—I hate ye, hence !

Job.— Is this your comfort ? All

This all the poor returns ye can afford,
 For sympathy I ever preferr'd you ;
 For welcome nurture at my open board ;

For help I ever gave when ye knew woe ?
 How keenly blow thy winds, ingratitude !
 Yet teach me, ye requitals unkind, rude,
 Since I too ingrate liv'd, to murmur not ;
 And as my days were evil, now my lot
 Knows sorrow's floods, to feel humility.
 Unjustly mortal heaves complaining sigh,
 When bounties he with angels shares are gone ;
 Since blind through good, he sees not whence 'tis born ;
 Or proud in luxury, scorning heaven, lives.
 Ah ! justly God of blessings man deprives.
 Welcome adversity, oh ! welcome ever,
 Since from His gracious hand you also flow !
 Should Job, all goodly gifts receive, and never
 The evil, to all flesh apportioned, know ?
 For banished joys bless God, my waning breath ;
 Oh ! bless Him when I writhe in grasp of death :
 And whatsoe'er the woes His love may deal.
 No sentence from these fever'd lips shall steal ;
 Save such as struggling piety may breathe.
 Sisters, wives of my sons, not ye shall wreathe,
 Shades o'er the stedfast comfort left me still,—
 Sweet memories of a not all sinful past ;
 Though o'er the present swoops a night of ill,
 Such can a twilight round all darkness cast.

Chorus of Uzzites and Shepherds.—Would righteous Job we
 could repay,
 In thy needs more than sympathy ;
 For thy large bounty that was spread,
 So liberal around our need.

Chorus of Blind and Maimed.—Oh ! good perform'd, to memory
 Is sweet, when comes adversity.
 Behold us, Job, around thee stand,
 The throngs you bless'd with lavish hand.

Chorus of Uzzites, Shepherds, and Blind, &c.—Priest, prince,
uplift thy down-bow'd head,

Receive the peace just deeds can shed.

Job.—The Lord has left me not without a balm ;

Though tribulation mine, I've much content ;

The humble good I wrought now yields me calm

Meeds dealt the poor I feel to God are lent.

Oh ! vain is honour, wealth ; joy, sorrow, vain :

Life's a false vision, life's a fleeting shade ;

We chase—not find—that rainbow, bliss ; again,

Mingle with the frail ashes whence we're made :

All's vanity, and only wise is he,

Who slighting time, lives for eternity ;

Alone can righteous labour heal a grief ;

And though the satisfaction mine no more—

Since wing'd away my wealth—to spread relief ;

Yet can I soothe affliction, aid the poor

With counsel meet—I'll seek my former place,

Bestow what one so wretched can afford ;

In gratitude, since that I bear the grace,

Still, praise my Maker, praise my gracious Lord.

(Job rises, shakes the ashes from his head and puts on his robe.)

In mem'ry's chambers yet doth soothing play,

The music of a fled, a happier day ;

I still hear echoes of those lofty strains

The soul pours forth, when God communion deigns

To hold with man. Oh, Uzzites, yet I feel,

That peace which walk with God doth e'er reveal.

Wife, daughters, though God with affliction now

Tries us, yet His returning love we'll know ;

If in this world, not ours that halcyon doom,

Yet ours, assurance bright ! in world to come,

Oh ! My belov'd, on heaven fix your soul ;

There shines life's starry point, its stedfast pole.

Steer we by that, then, though storm-waves may roll,
Be sure we'll gain the Bay where tempests cease,
There entered, rest upon our oars in peace.

(Job goes. Chorus of Uzzites, Shepherds who follow).

When man by evil soars to might,
How dangerous his envied height !
And does he fall
All earth no shelter offers ; he
Lone wretch ! in slighted misery
For death shall call.
But falls the man once righteous high,
Into thy depths, adversity !
His portion's peace,
The throngs he bless'd in prosperous mood,
And, more than all, the smile of God
Bids anguish cease.
We'll tend, thee, though afflicted, Job !
As when thou wore the purple robe,
We love thee, now.
Most rich art thou, though penniless,
Though fallen, high in righteousness ;
To thee we bow.

HEAVEN.

Angels in high spheres.—Elders, on clouds of glory,
Worship before the Throne ;
On gorgeous crystal seas,
Their golden crowns lay down.

Elders.—God, God, God ! Omnipotent ! Thou reignst :
Love ! everlasting Father ! Counsellor !
The Mighty Lord ! The wonderful ! Who deignest
Create new sun, and stars, in border sphere.

Angels (flying thro' Heaven).—New worlds ! New worlds ! To hear them named we go.

Elders.—God, Thou, creating givest, yet God art still
The same : Thy bounties nought diminish Thee ;
Through all the ages past, Thou, God, didst fill
All things ; and shalt, to all eternity.
Worlds, atoms are of Thy Immensity,
Which was ere Thou deign'd'st form, or star, or sun ;
They're but new forms of the I Am ; to be,
Till their eternities Thou will'st be done.
We creatures deem the ages on to run ;
But all is changeless, moveless, unto Thee :
All change, all motion, is in Thee, The One.
All from, and to Thee flow, continually.

Angels (flying thro' Heaven).—Holiness to beneficent God !
Come now,
And see new worlds.

Other Angels (flying thro' Heaven).—Holy ! Holy !

Angels (in highest sphere).— Behold
The zenith stirs, lo ! Surge the realms of gold.

Other Angels.—Messiah's banner'd chariot comes ;
Rolls forth celestial armoury ;
'Neath sun-borne gates and star-pil'd domes,
Gleams high in mists of brilliancy.
Hark ! Wake the thunders musical,
Their sable wings are flapping slow ;
They roll along in clouds, and fall
Voluminous, and dumb, below,
Those living wheels world-orb'd o'erhead,
Which from orbicular centre straight rays shed.

Other Angels.—Now the immortal chargers bright,—
Pace from celestial armoury :
Seven thousand steeds grow on the sight,
Their breastplates sun-like gem the sky,

Their star-boss'd housings glitter where,
Sublime, they shining stand, in upper air.

Other Angels.—Ambling they neigh, neigh thunder loud,
Now pawing with high hoofs of gold ;
Strike lightnings as they stamp on cloud,
And toss their morn-like manes on ether roll'd.

Other Angels.—Their tails lash dazzling sides and fly
As towards the heaven of heavens they prance,
Like comets o'er th' angel-crowded sky,
Whilst from their fervid eyes surpassing lightnings glance.

Angels in high spheres.—Forth from empyreal throne,
Bringing a fulgence-zone ;
In brightness looming ;
Messiah is coming.
Seraphs beneath his glory bent,
Cluster in curve innumerable ;
Like a descending firmament
They fall, and still they fall.
We see them from excess of light,
Which veils high heaven in soft twilight ;
As God The Father flasheth down
A farewell glance on God The Son.
And now the Christ eclipses all,
His brightness dims the spheres around ;
All angels are invisible :
And hush'd is every sound.
Hushed as he in his chariot high,
That flames one living, rolling eye ;
With widely-flashing sweep, doth vaulting bound.
And now to all the universe
He deigns reveal his matchless face,
Thence, floods of glory fall on us,—
O'erwhelm'd by love, we melt with joy and grace.

All Angels.—Holy ! Holy !

GOD.

All Angels, Powers, Dominions, Thrones,
Adore, as Christ through heaven flies, for border-zones.

All Angels.—Holy ! Holy !

Angels in lower spheres.—Our spheres from base to dome,
Tremble with joy, Messiah doth come.

All Angels.—Holy ! Holy !

Angel (at a gate of Heaven).—Our watchings now are done,
Light, flashing far, beams from Messiah's face,
He comes—kneel !

All Angels.— Holy ! Holy !

Angels at gate.— He is gone.

His psalms triumphant sound beneath in space.

All Angels.—From the depths of his day what smiles of bliss,
As through these auster ways he came ;
Suffusing all with happiness,
Made dim his car of flame !
And hid with ineffable glory-floods,
Attending flying multitudes.
We angels, angels could not see,
Each in our atmosphere down knelt ;
Like suns in brightness shrif'd, mute we
Beatitudes in dimness felt.
None God The Father may behold ;
But He in cycles deigns unfold,
Made visible in God the Son,
His glory unapproachable ;
For th' universe to gaze upon,
And its full bliss, to fill more full.

Other Angels.—Lo ! Now, on heaven's vague incumbent verge,
Swift-borne by wheeling light, Messiah's car ;
Sheds oceans of effulgence, and they surge,
Like moving days afar, and yet more far.

Other Angels.—In distance, the Immaculate fades away,

Yet heaven is dimm'd not, at his waning day ;
Though gone The Father's express image bright :
So inexhaustible The Godhead's light.

Other Angels.—By this, his glory's far sent flame,
Has reach'd the worlds he goes to name ;
Whose sun requires his crowning glance,
Ere in its beams those worlds will dance.

Warder-Angels.—Look down, what beams so mild are nearing
Like isles of light, the lower sky ;
They're Mercy's wings ; the spirit's steering
To hesperian towers high.

The softest down those pinions wear,
Sailing so smoothly through the air,

Angels.—Wheel back yon crystal gate of light :
On this pure azure she'll alight.

Other Angels.—Comes music from her fluttering plumes,
Balm from her soft unwearied wings !
Cheering, she sheds around perfumes,
She steps, and there love, peace, upsprings.
Mercy, of God most lov'd, all hail !
Thrice welcome to celestial vale.

Mercy.—'Not yet, not yet I lift my gaze,
So dazzled with surrounding blaze ;
Seraphs, what bliss !
To meet once more belov'd in light ;
What splendour this !
To earth's eternal night !
But tell me why are spheres around
Of angels void, and void of sound ?
Where gone the immortal throngs
Who thrill'd me with triumphant songs ?
As toiling through the lonesome air
I drank their hymns with eager ear ?

An Angel.—They are dispers'd about the worlds, or gone

With Lord Messiah to creation's bourne,
To name worlds recent form'd.

Mercy.— On wings their flight
I watch'd, far southward chequering the light,
With streaming sheen.

An Angel.— E'en so, hence 'tween the Throne
And here unpeopl'd heaven ; save where before
Our God, the elders' crowns lie, and adore.
List ! hear, sublime and deep, each distant tone.

Elders (before the throne).—God, God, Love, Source of being !
all

That was, and is, and yet shall be,
Flows from Thy fullness, and doth fall
Into Thine immensity :
And, oh ! Lord, there is no decay,
Though spheres remote such seem to see ;
For what appears to pass away,
Still lives in Thy eternity.
In Thee, Power, Wisdom, changing never,
The same at first and ever, and for ever.

Mercy.—Beautiful ! grand !—In heaven's gorgeous day,
Those lofty strains melt sweetly—die away.
And silence, like soft plumes o'er heaven doth close ;
Enwrapping all in sabbath of repose.

Elders.—Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Love, Wisdom, Power, Jehovah ! Jah !

Angels.—Now tell us of thy star ; has Job, assailed
By Lucifer's malignity, prevail'd ?

Mercy.—The child of flesh, the pious, faithful, just,
Though all the joys his orb bestows are fled ;
In sire of men, and spirits, places trust,
And humbly bows his hoary stricken head.
With joy since he o'ercame the common foe,
With thanksgivings to our unchanging Sire ;

I've stole awhile from outer star below—
 But comrades ! take my lyre,
 For, from the border-realms of night,
 Oft wing-benumb'd, alone,
 I've toiled in upward flight,
 Through zone, and zone and zone.
 When I'd mid realms of twilight bound
 Satan,—such power bestow'd The Lord—
 And hung him o'er the void profound ;
 Whose depths no beams have e'er explored.
 Then, from invulnerable shades emerging,
 I stood on roseate hill of light ;
 Where on the coasts of Nox fair-surgings,
 It swells an ambient height :
 There knelt, then rais'd my streaming eyes,
 Towards these realms inviolate ;
 These crystal walls, where, outer, rise
 Heaven's banners o'er her utmost gate ;
 Then joy'd, gave one inspired long bound,
 O'er regions intervening flew ;
 Nor halted, comrades bright ! till found,
 My form embraced by you.

Angels.—Behold ! The border-sphere far, southern, burns,
 With state, Messiah, jubilant, returns.

Other Angels.—Brighter and deeper spread the rising glows,
 The glory nearing grows, and grows, and grows.
 Now, the processions' vanward seraphim,
 Loom indistinct. Hark ! to triumphant songs.

Angels.—Come let us swell the distant rising hymn,
 And let us join th' unnumber'd flying throngs.

Mercy.—They're gone : their white-plum'd pinions featly,
 Winnow this clime's aerial glows ;
 Their hymn retiring, sweetly
 Through the gold and azure flows.

Now, distant worlds by the approaching light,
 Reveal'd, in scintillations, charm my sight ;
 And on all worlds grown sudden bright,
 Innumerable are angels, clustering :—

Effulgent hosts of bliss more countless crowd,
 Each glittering hill of heaven, each glittering
 plain ;

Than when dark Lucifer, the meanly proud,
 Came mortals' righteousness in Job to chain.

They come—Hosannahs loudly sing !

Angels.—Glory to God, above all height !

Now nam'd, at this great jubilee ;
 New worlds proclaim Thy love, Thy might,
 Unceasing, without bound to be.
 God ! Holy ! Holy ! God ! supremest One,
 We magnify Thee, Lord, Oh ! Lord,
 That to the universe, new sun,
 New worlds thou'st wreath'd ;—another chord
 A farther spread harmonious string,
 Hast strung unto creation's lyre,
 That when Thy servants joyous sing,
 The songs Thy matchless works inspire ;
 New note they'll add unto Thy praise,
 And yet more loud the anthem raise,
 To Thee, benign omnipotent Lord,
 Worthy, worthy alone to be ador'd.

Mercy.— Ambrosia,
 Comes from the unapproachable sphere.

GOD.

Thrones, Powers, Dominions, Myriads bright of heaven,
 To whom My love, My everlasting love is given ;
 If aught could render yet more perfect, perfect joy,
 'T would be your free and happy service : yet alloy

Would mingle there : through chaos sound Lucifer's groans,
 Like thunders thousand-tongued, awaking twilight's zones.
 They strike against th' unform'd, invulnerable gloom,
 And echo'd loud from world to world, empyreal boom ;
 At intervals his moving shade far round I see,
 As with enormous strains he strives his form to free.
 That aim shall be accomplished, now—he rises, lo !
 In rapid flight soars heavenward, malevolent to heave
 New ills on mortal Job, which, since I surely know,
 My servant will prove conqueror, and more righteous grow ;
 To tempt Job more, I'll grant the dark Archangel leave.

All Angels.—

Lord !

Ador'd,

Be done Thy all-wise will,

We angels know

Not, what means woe ;

Oh ! Lord, to man be gracious still.

Angels in low sphere.—Behold ! Where dauntless Michael, like
 a bright

Vast sun descends, 'mid heaven stands, glistening light.

Michael.—Roll, roll, unpenetrable clouds,

Before the northern gate of heaven ;

Vindictive Satan evil broods,

To face his spite to me is given.

Mercy ! uplift thine eyes,

Adore, and leave the skies :

Join me, lest absent thou, I smite

The prince of evil and of night :

God at his cruelty grown wrath,

Debars from heaven Lucifer ;

Part, hosts of light ! and let us forth,

Ere roll'd dense clouds, to outer sphere.

Angels.—Wheel aside ! wheel aside !

To Michael leave a way, of diamond, wide.

Other Angels.—Lo ! Mid dividing host of sons of light,
 Who wheel in half circumference ;
 Th' archangel wings thro' heaven, descending flight !
 Mid throngs celestial, glittering, dense.
 By his side sweet Mercy flies,
 All angels greet her with fond eyes ;
 Heaven's balmy air her locks back flings,
 With love enclasps her silver wings.
 Without the lofty northern gate,
 Hidden by turgid cloudpiles, now :
 Approaching Lucifer they wait,
 Disturbing universal foe.

Elders.—God ! God ! Thou Lord omnipotent reignest.
 God ! God ! We thank Thee, Lord,
 That Thou to close these heavens deignest,
 From Satan, spirit dark, abhorr'd.

All.—Blessing and honour, glory and power,
 To Him who sits on throne, of thrones The Throne.
 The in-all, and the through-all, Father our,
 Unseen, yet in love universal known.

SPACE.

An Angel.—Lone, on this gorgeous moon that round me throws,
 Encircling rainbows of revolving glows,
 I'll weave my beam-veils ; tune my harp ; for soon
 'Twill be my work to sing before The Throne ;
 Transporting thought ! yes, I'll the green air weave,
 Ere join my associate seraphs, who'll relieve
 Blest hosts now hymning 'fore Jehovah's face :
 I'll tune thee, harp ! with song that gladden'd space,
 When the dear star I dwell on, that, dim, roll'd,

Lit with God's glance, revolved in zone of gold,
 A thing of glory ! like those which now were,
 By great Messiah proclaim'd in border-sphere,
 From this how far ! (*sings*) " New-born a world ?"—
 nay, I

Will chant the strain they hymn in every sky.

Love,

Never-wearied, never-ending !

Love,

Ever-nearing, ever-blending !

Love,

Breathes through all stars and through all suns ;

Love,

Through all the universe e'er runs.

Love,

Creation's heighth, depth, breadth, doth move ;

Love,

For God fills all, and God is love.

Love—

Soft ! Though between us lies unmeasur'd sphere,

Blest voices round The Throne, I faintly hear.

Elders.—Thou who, from everlasting, dwelt alone

In uncreated, uncreating, bliss ;

In mighty sabbath of repose ! The One !

The Whole ! Who fill'd with unshared holiness,

The past ; Thyself the universe ; save to

Thy infinite self, unknown, unfelt, unseen—

Almighty Father ! We thank Thee, that Thou,

In us, and to us, Thy great self dost deign

Reveal in the universe ; that crescent, still,

Furtheres Thy plan, gracious, illimitable.

Angel.—Their hymns of adoration die away—

A wave of shade from darkness' sea draws nigh,

In half-globe dimness sheds unhallow'd ray :

Lo ! evil nears, and I must downward sweep,
Cleaving the lustre of yon sapphire deep ;
For yellow sands, and pale green sky,
And diamond rocks, grottos of beams,
Where darkness never streams ;
Till off these spheres shall glide,
This twilight that grows yet more deep and wide.

Satan (in flight).—God dares not hold me long in durance, lo !

Evil which the dismember'd universe,
Must ever need to chasten sin ; and, thus,
Arrest its course, limits confine ; and, so,
Forms part of God's designs—evil will grow
Within me ; till it burst from innate force,
All chains : light, without darkness, none could see,
Nor without evil, good ; evil must be :
Therefore Mercy, of all the spirit throng,
The most unwearied, may not bind too strong,
But leaves me free again : free as the air
I beat with franchis'd wing. Oh ! scenes how fair,
And glorious ! Oh ! mighty solitudes !
Wherein nought living appears : amid your floods
Of radiance, I seem your monarch lone :
Oh ! thirst of empire never to be slak'd !
Yon sun, rank'd with the brightest, where, afar,
It glares through ether, looks a seraph's throne :
Ah ! Would I sate thereon, and sway'd these spheres,
Which my swift flight makes seem disorder'd. There
'Neath what seems yonder star-fringed zenith high,
Albeit is centre of the universe :
The Omnipotent ; the eternal Majesty !
Begirt with suns that never knew the curse
Of evil, or of dimness, sits obscure :
Shrin'd by the oceans of effulgent light ;
Immaculate, unutterably pure—

His halo ! by created, unexplored ;—
That guards in deep, vast, eternal twilight
Of all the gods, The God ! of lords, The Lord.
The elders, and the primal seraphim,
Who, world-thron'd, round the bourne of glory ; dim
Sit wide ; and ceaseless watch, lest aught draw near
The never-entered, the God-dwelling sphere ;
These—by the ocean crystal-like, far round,
Seated, in silence reigning wide, profound ;
Who, wrapt in adoration, beatific gaze ;
Too deep for utterance, look unuttered praise ;—
View nought but misted glory, surging rolled :
Misty from light ; great climes of hazy gold.
They see no shadow of the throne-pil'd Throne,
Through the bright vapours, blest they gaze into :
Where dwells Jehovah, unapproached, alone ;
Beam-shrined e'en from the highest angel's view :
Thence, roofed with the eternal silences ;
The regions of uninhabited light,
Encircled with the zones, all matchless, bright ;
His feet laid on the universe—His stool,
He looks through all with the ne'er-wearied eyes ;
And o'er all, mid all, through all, all doth rule.
Oh ! state supreme ; oh ! enviable—ha !
The beacon o'er God's mount, our guiding star
Beheld in th' universe's utmost ways,
Put out ! I halt, astounded, wonder-wak'd.
Since dimm'd the zenith-point of fulgence, sleeps
God ? No, that eye omniscient ever keeps
Rapacious watch o'er all things. Have my peers,
For sovereignty in heaven, prone, wrought His fall,
From height deem'd falsely inaccessible ?
And so primeval tyranny, at length,
Subdued ? Tremendous hope ! My ancient strength

Throughout me darts. Oh ! Lucifer, away !
Aid prime assault. Oh ! join the amazing fray.

(Flies rapidly, then halts).

Stay, 'tis not thus : recumbent, huge, dark clouds
Are rolled before heaven's porch : a screen that shrouds
From view Jehovah's mount. How frowning, dense
The glooms above me surging hang, immense !
Beneath those thunder-wombs, swoll'n, bulging, where,
Rotund, they beetle o'er me, I appear
As pigmy as a mortal. So, behold,
From heaven I am excluded ; yet my tones
Shall penetrate the turbid mists which fold
Me in their dimness. God ! so Thou dost close
The heavens from me ; such watchfulness sure owns
Thee timorous ; nor therefore I censure Thee :
Aw'd from the past ; 'tis well, timidity
Be Thine when I approach Thy haunts, to oppose ;
Care, also, lest the enslav'd sons of light,
Beholding me, resume their ancient might ;
And, with just vigour arm'd, a front display,
Rebellious ; meet to jeopardize thy sway.

GOD.

Lucifer, earthward fall ! nor trouble heaven's full joy ;
Thy haughty, vain harangues may not the peace alloy
Of happy millions that adore around My throne.

Michael.—He look'd to near the empyreal zone,

To immaculate regions bent his flight,
Aghast with fulgence roll'd down,

He lifts his shield to screen his sight :
He wheels aside—as if, on axis bent,

A world bowed from its sun—by light made faint.

Satan.—Destroy me !

GOD.

Globule, part of thing which is so small

That none save I can note its wholeness ; may not be
 Destroyed : that atom of atoms needful to all
 Is, as a world ; and worlds are, of immensity,
 But globules ; whose dimensions, once, no grosser than
 Minutest, were.

Satan.— Then being 's an everlasting ban.

Angels.— God, God !

We thank Thee for eternity ;
 It is so glorious, sweet, and good
 To be.

Satan.—Thou'lt not destroy me, because, then, no curse
 Would shade with sorrow, pain, the universe.

Angels.— God ! God !

Evil is not destroy'd ;
 Yet by Thee changed to good,
 Or render'd void.

Satan.—Thou never shalt change me, o'ercome with good ;
 For that would swell Thy power and happiness.
 Thou'dst bless me well I know, for blessing would
 Bless Thee : God ! hence, Thou ne'er shalt Satan bless.
 I joy in pain, since pain Thee pains ; Your curse
 Welcome, since Thee it harms, and mars the universe.

GOD.

Blest hierarchies of heaven in thronal sphere and sphere,
 List to my words ; and thou, unhappy Lucifer,
 Rest on your darksome clouds and list. All that ye know,
 A section of my perfect universe alone
 Embraces : all creation ye conceive of, lo !
 Is but a radius in circumference none explore.
 Radius from immaculate realms that central Me adore ;
 And with light unapproachable ensphere My Throne.
 The universe ye so call, radiates to an arc
 To chaos—bourne of all your knowledge, bounded dark :
 Yet that same universe, is but a narrow ray

Of My Omniscience, speck in My immensity.
Far, far beyond the range of your pent thought and sight;—
Reported by those misty streams of distant light,
Seen from this universe's marge—suns, stars, that thou,
And these my faithful angels, could not count or know,
Life-teeming, roll : whilst systems more glorified still,
By number numberless, worlds, orbs, uncountable ;
Of which report hath never reached you, shining wheel,
Illimitable : no hazy glimpses of their light,
Though, spirits ! swift past your conception in its flight,
And though through countless ages on 'tis ceaseless borne,
Has neared, with wonder-waking point, the narrow ray
Of being which ye inhabit ; nor shall so, till gone
Ages, than ye have known more innumerable ; until
I've perfected the spheres ye voyage through, and they
To circle higher, purer, and more bright have passed :
Then, in the grand procession of the light-linked spheres,
Where atomic the universe ye know appears—
Procession that ne'er halts but ends, to soar begin :—
Shall here revolve those systems whose light 's vaguely seen :
And those whose light has reach'd not here, shall misty
gleam,
Beheld from here ; and shall, in destin'd period, beam,
Where now the universe ye know, these parts of space
With systems crowd : then shall roll on and yield their place
To others : thus the All revolves around Me, ere
Ascends in spiral circles zenithward : and still
As spheres roll towards Me they grow brighter, purer, till
All grossness purged away and perfect all, they near
The immaculate, then enter and behold Me here ;
And shall do so till evil of all kinds no more
Exists, and good and bliss, made perfect, Me adore.
Such as you name the universe there many are,
And albeit, justly deemed by finite creatures, vast,

Yet 'tis to Me as to ye earth—that trivial star.

Same in eternity, all that ye deem, the past.

Angels.— God ! God ! Wonderful !

God ! God ! Wonderful !

Satan.—Amazement ! I had well-nigh bent my knee,

In presence of such august sovereignty.

I loathe my star, and dwellers of my star.

GOD.

To injure is to loathe : I bless, hence love, all things.

Augment you bliss in aught, then, for it love upsprings.

No star is thine that rolls.

Satan.—

I have a part

In all the earth ; in sterile shoulders, rocks

Own me ; and frosts, when icy barrier locks

Beneficent streams : with pestilence I mar

Her wholesome air ; with poisonous quality

Pervade herb, ore ; with fatal fire and sea ;

Throughout man's soul breathe universal leaven ;

I'm in his temple, house, government, mart ;

Through all his sea of thought I mingle mire ;

E'en where Thy pure breath crisps the fetid wave,

And some few lustrous points heavenward aspire,

I breathe pollution there ; yea, earth I own.

GOD.

My servant Job stands fast in his integrity.

Satan.—Lord, skin for skin : stretch forth Thine hand, touch bone,

Touch flesh, then to Thy face he will curse Thee.

GOD.

Despiteful Spirit ! he's in thine hand ! his life thou'lt save.

Thrones, Powers, Dominions ! far your aspects sad around

I view : but, Hierarchies of Heaven ! e'er happy found,

And potent, since obedient : Job shall conqueror rise

To know more good than e'er he knew ; and when he dies

His soul shall dwell in that calm star which Patience sways,
That sheds through pleasant spheres its mild and steadfast
rays.

Angels.—Thou, Omnipotent Lord God ! reignest ;
Thou knowst what's best ; Thou art alone All-wise.
We thank Thee, Father, since Thou deignest
To shed on man the love that fills the skies.

Satan.—Lord, justice once more I demand. Away
From Job call Patience, Mercy ; then, behold,
Not arm'd by heavenly powers, he'll own my sway.

GOD.

Tempt me no more, oh, Fiend ! with speed descend ;

Satan.— I will,

And, Tyrant ! Thy loving behests fulfil.
Oh ! Faithless to the faithful ! God, farewell,
And angels, listening in your climes of gold !
Would I could hale ye all to pain, and hell.

Mercy.—Lucifer towards us flies.

Michael.— More swift than light.

Satan.—Darker the beetling clouds have grown, and wise
I shunn'd his ire, the Sovereign of the skies.
Wherefore does He, who, well I know, is good,
And wise, permit to lour my spiteful mood
On Job ? My restlessness so feeds He ; thus,
To shield from larger ill the universe.
Yea, save from my designs His glorious throne.
I would not thus relentlessly pursue
The Uzzite, deem'd I not that he enfolds
The promis'd seed ; which of yon truant globe,
'Tis prophesied shall be the Saviour ; when
His bright Reflex by whom He makes the worlds
Shall vanquish me with spiritual arms.
Let Him beware. I dread His thunder ; yet
Through guile victorious was in heavenly zone,

When I seduc'd celestials ; on earth, too ;
 As listen'd Eve to me, in scaly robe
 Of serpent.—Ne'er these dazzling scenes again
 I'll view, till he of Uzz is mine.—What glows
 Yonder ? The angel Michael like a day !
 Seated on neighbouring sun, his glistening ray
 Shoots here ; he watches me, his hand arose,
 Flashing on dusk clouds round me, sudden sheen,
 And seemed to urge me hence : I hate him, fear,
 And will disturb his soul's disdainful calms.
 His orb, to taunt with ancient friendship, near.
 Could I that seraph lure unto my cause,
 Oh ! Then might flourish, grand emprise, which wars
 Primeval thwarted ; but lull'd not to rest
 Th' unquenchable desire, from God to wrest
 The sceptre of all sceptres. Oh ! achievement high !
 How glorious to the petty strife, that I
 With mortal wage ! though he may bear within
 The promised seed, and whom to lure to sin
 Were perhaps that seed to blight. Instruct me, wile !
 That I, the archangel great, from God beguile.

Michael.—Satan comes like a world where dimness reigns,
 His towering coronet, its mountain-chains.

Satan.—Knowledge of me hast thou, great Michael ?

Michael.—Yea,
 As thee, none in creation ; none like thee,
 With ruin'd glories hung ; which dim we see,
 Like wand'ring stars roam'd from their sun away.

Satan.—What ages have roll'd on since last we met,
 Mighty archangel ! Comrade-seraph, once,
 Ere taught dissension friends, friends to renounce.

Michael.—Approach no nearer ; I'd not soil these arms
 From angel's wound ; nor wake, with war's alarms,
 Blest realms ; nor heap more tortures on thy head :

The evil have enough to bear ; for fled
 From such are all the virtues, love, peace, joy,
 Which stamp existence glad ; and what destroy
 Its sweets, alone remain ; guile, envy, hate.
 Hence, then, unharm'd, fall'n Lucifer ! my late
 Belov'd compeer, my equal—more, in bliss,
 Ere disobedience hurl'd to sin's abyss.

Satan.—Hear me.

Michael.—Retire in peace ; such peace as you
 Can have ; nor pangs unwonted here renew,
 I suffer'd when this ever-conquering sword
 Wounded the breast I hung on, nigh ador'd.

Satan.—Wilt thou, for that past love, voyage with me
 Some spheres from heaven ?

Michael.—Proceed, I follow thee.

Satan.—Come.

Michael.—Not that course, thou must wing earthwards.

Satan.—So

Be it.—Too swift, Archangel, do I fly ?

Michael.—No.

Satan.—Why then turn thy head, or close thine eye,
 As on we glide ?

Michael.—I grieve to view thy face
 Obscur'd ; where sin, pain, woe, sad furrows trace.
 Deem not disdain, but sorrow, marks the blight,
 Of what was once so eminent, so bright.
 Yet beauty, glory thine, none lose who've been
 In heaven ; though dark that beauty, dim that sheen.
 Nor Angel fallen, need'st thou backward gaze ;
 Insidiously, I'd scorn mine arm to raise.

Satan.—Count not I fear e'en Michael's sword. Spirit ! do
 I please look rearward, 'tis because I'd view
 Surrounding glories ; now, supernal blue,
 Lovely, emerging from heaven's light ; reveals

These countless worlds beneath, above, around—
God's all-eclipsing ray concealed with light.

Michael.—How ill must thou endure thy bondage ; thou
Once free to roam the universe ! but now,
Bade wing in narrow limits ; forbid e'er
To visit blessed regions ; except where
Their utmost gates wheel wide, and then, alone
At intervals, to penal confines bound—
Hell, earth, where mankind dwell.

Satan.—Dim paltry star !
But, seraph ! talk not thou of liberty ;
At least, I've more than those who serve—than thee.

Michael.—How oft, when harmony inviolate,
Wreath'd all celestials ; ere that halcyon state
Thou marr'dst, we wing'd these ways ! whilst high converse,
In sweet communion held, delayed our flight ;
Our theme, economy of the universe,
Or magnifying God, thy then delight.
I do remember on yon orb, we'll soon
Approach, eternal friendship oft was vowed :
In that soft hour, what love in either glow'd
For each, for all, but most for God ! ay me,
Not then I deem'd thou'dst fall to what I see ;
One, all supreme in misery, and hate,
Who has forgotten love, and blissful state.

Satan.—Of changeless blissful ages dost not tire ?

Michael.—For what would aught change bliss, except for higher
Progression ? which is mine : power, joy, I own,
Fuller than when nigh me, you brighter shone.
Deem not heaven is the heaven you lost, as e'er
The universe is crescent, glory there
Grows yet more glorious : e'en as thee and thine,
Each age receding more from bourne divine,
Become more dim ; I trust less huge, doom'd still ;

To dwindle, till—no more, dissolv'd in good.

Satan.—My aim shall be to grow, that never God
And man may be all blessed.

Michael.— Your hope that fall
Of men, and angels, bliss of God ador'd,
Lessen'd, is vain ; God's bliss is too immense
To know a loss ; and also grows through all
Eternity, though widening, more intense.
Look, where on fulgent way yon spirits glide,
Meandering line of glory ! like a tide ;
No seraphs they, yet bright as Raphael,
Gabriel, myself, e'en thou, ere angels fell.

Satan.—Ah ! Raphael, ah, Gabriel, my once
Associates ! Seraph, do they ere pronounce
My name ? ever with love ?

Michael.— Thy name in heaven
Is not, save when to soar permission's given
To thee; then such thine hate, rebellion, pride,
That pity solely righteous hosts accord
Thee, or some scorn.

Satan.— Pity, perchance, were well ;
But scorn sounds ill for prince who reigns in hell ;
And mostly, save for Job, on earth ; fain, fain
I would old fellowship resume ; again
Behold my peers of yore. Seraph ! could'st not
Thou guide my flight, how distant e'er the spot,
To circle of the universe where they,
Permitted, fulgent realms for seasons, sway ?

Michael.—That is forbid.

Satan.— So everlasting war
Must reign 'mong angels : friendship live no more.

Michael.—Save by one course.

Satan.— And that ?

<i>Michael.</i> —	Submission.
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Satan.—

III

Such word becomes thee, glorious Michael !
 There's yet another course. List, my compeer !
 Though on that ever-memorable day
 For heaven, primal revolt : when mid the fray
 Down leapt Jehovah from supernal throne ;
 As through the universe a lightning shone,
 Which dim, with sudden flash, his form revealed,
 Then blinded all ; all heard amid the gloom,
 Crack—crash—the universe : all felt, it reel'd,
 As stamp'd in wrath the Almighty ; whilst did boom
 Through space, thunder long-heard, all-heard : as He
 Heaved light, congealed to ordnance dark : and driven,
 O'er yonder steep, to hell sunk mine and me ;—
 Though on that day, when lost her champions, heaven,
 You rose not.

Michael.—

Rose not ?

Satan.—

Rose, but rose my foe ;

Yet that dire error we can now retrieve.
 Oh ! Dearest, as the mightiest ! who, of yore,
 Lov'd me as none e'er lov'd ! know, there remains
 A means to kindle mutual joys once more.

Michael.—Hence.*Satan.*—

As I have, Oh ! Burst Jehovah's chains ;

Join me, through heaven's fetter'd myriads sow
 What He'd call treason ; thoughts of lofty aim ;
 Let us bend wing towards Raphael, Gabriel, now,
 Around their spirits spell sublime to weave,
 Through hope of universal empire ; lo !
 He'd sever all He binds, nor may we blame
 Such care in primal tyrant. Michael, would
 Ye rather our twain powers essay ? be sure,
 Leagu'd with the wavering, we'd arouse a war
 In heaven ; not to be laid till, headlong down,

We'd hurl'd Jehovah from His haughty throne.

What sayest thou, seraph ! peerless, fulgent, good ?

Michael.—Say'st ! Blasphemous ? I say, hence, quit my sight !

I rose, indeed, thy foe on that first fight,
And greatest ; so would ever, for I'd known
The rule of love, a sire's, too long to crave
A brother's sceptre ; must I be a slave,
(You name all thus who serve though serve in bliss),
I'd be His Who created me, not thine
Recipient ! Serve mine equal ! and in this,
Inferior, being treacherous, mean, ingrate ;
For nought appeared in thy original state
At which surpassing angel should repine ;
Nought to beget disloyalty, but all
To bind with grateful chains, to hold thee thrall,
Free thrall, to love thoud'st hardly break from, so
Joy-fetter'd are the blest.

Satan.— Let those who bow

Still, 'neath allegiance docile groan ; I rise
And peri. much, no more, to free the skies.

Michael.—Selfish ambition, slave ! was thine ; 'tis known
'Twas heard what thou confessed'st in twilight's zone,
To Mercy : Fiend ! the guilty ever have
Unguarded moments, when they, foolish, rave :
But had'st thou not divulg'd thy horrid soul,
That universal ruin was the goal
At which thou aim'dst, 'twere nought ; no son of light,
Who flutters joyous wings in regions bright,
Has faith in thy good will ; for plain 'tis seen
How gently thou had'st rul'd, if victor been ;
Let all who own thy baleful sceptre tell,
Degenerate man, and woeful tribes of hell.
Fiend ! when on thee I gaze, muse on what ill,
Thou'st brought on portions of creation ; till

Thy fatal hour, so perfect, peaceful, fair ;
 So happy, tear nor sigh was present there :
 Then, seize me, indignation, grief, scarce meet
 For one of heaven ; an enmity so great ;
 That I can ill attend the promis'd day ;
 When, leaving thrones, Messiah shall thy sway
 Malicious curb : but would, did I now dare ;
 Did not Th' All-Wise yet move me to forbear ;
 Convolv thy dragon form on this my spear,
 No more to gloom or sadden hallow'd sphere ;
 For in dark regions, thee, a monument
 I'd fix, of all that's subtle, malevolent.

Satan.—Ha, ha ! So, mightiest seraph with the mean,
 To Lucifer oppos'd, doth weakness screen
 Thus “ God commands me to forbear.” Oh ! Me
 I little look'd such fury to behold,
 Shake form serene of one of heavenly mould.
 Michael, this wrath but weakens us.

Michael.—

Us !

Satan.—

We

Will quit unrighteous rage. Peer ! you mistook
 The purport of my speech : no more I look,
 To reign alone in heaven : too well I know,
 Meet wisdom, power, He has alone, Who, now,
 Sits there thron'd absolute ; I would divide
 God's sceptre prodigious, would part the wide
 Dominion measureless of space, among
 Archangels four we nam'd ; or prov'd two strong
 Enough, and wise enough for unshar'd sway ;
 We'd foil copartners, all compel to obey :
 When they'd help'd to o'ercome Th' Almighty, Vast
 Wise God ; aided to link eternal chains
 Around His hands omnipotent, and cast
 God down abyssmal dark ; there, there, the pains

And woes to feel, He can inflict ; or, Oh !—
 The thought awakes in me joy-whelming glow—
 Could we Him utterly annihilate ;
 Thus reign confederate in unrivall'd state !
 Essay we, seraph ! most succeed who've will.
 Why bound back realms ? Halt, ghastly Michael !
Distant Angels.—Unhallow'd words, who spoke ?
 Trembles yon sphere ;
 Soars spreading unblest breath like smoke ;
 Let us near, let us near.
 Ether grows dim as on we wing ;
 From light freed twinkles forth each star ;
 Lo ! Where two seraphs grip and cling—
 There Michael and Satan war.
 Now Lucifer, how dreadful stands,
 Resting wing'd feet on shaded worlds ;
 Defiant, gazing up ! his hands
 Clasp buckler, spear, in clenched folds.
 Behold ! more lofty, Michael,
 His sword unvanquish'd bares on high ;
 He moves, he moves invincible,
 With thunders down the sky,
 As rise his arms in circles wheel'd,
 They shed far-spreading lightnings' flash,
 On the dimm'd regions trembling round :
 He swoops o'er Satan, down doth dash
 The arch-fiend's broad uplifted shield,
 His spear, as round Lucifer reel'd,
 Fell with a clanging sound.
 They close—grip rigidly with strength of gods.
 See, Michael grasps his wily foe ;
 They float in space like black and crimson clouds,
 When sunken suns are low.
 'Neath Michael's grasp assiduous seraph, dread !

Like far-stretched flaming pillars Satan lies ;
How terrible his visage, back-bent head !
What torment, rage, where roll his haggard eyes !
In vain he strains, and strains more mightily,
To wrest his gloomy bulk from Michael's grasp :
Fire belches, stern defiance looks ; he may,
But struggling heave, and struggling groan and gasp.
With wing the seraph grips his nether form :
Plants on his heaving, billowy breast, the knee ;
With one hand clasps his head where hangs a storm,
In the other flames his brandish'd sword on high.

Michael.—Created being, though of loftiest state,
May not gainsay whate'er allows Th' All-Wise,
Hence, though destruction merit'st thou ; thy fate
I seal not ; once more, arch-deceiver, rise !

Satan.—Not so, thy fond embrace I love too well ;
Come, for I'll loose thee not till holds us hell.

Angels.—They grasp,—they cling,—around, around are whirl'd ;
Unmeasur'd realms 'mid suns and stars, sink down,
Still, floating upmost, Michael we behold—
Now, o'er the seraph Satan's form lies roll'd,
And gulfs yawn black below in sudden frown,
And dim these spheres, as when eclips'd a world.
Their terrible wrath a baleful mist is breathing,
O'er skies which lately shone cerulean blue ;
Around, yet denser, denser, it is wreathing,
Where wrestle seraphs clouded from our view.
Hark, hark ! rolls far and loud appalling thunder,
Peal'd from their whirling, wrath-engender'd, cloud ;
It shakes some baser spheres, where roaring under,
Now rolls around—above us—distant, loud.
Heaven's nearest battlements of crystal shake ;
There keen-eyed warder-angels startled quake,
Millions of bright aërial banners nod :

Lo ! O'er those towers, seraphic legions rise :
They slope their swords far down these throbbing skies,
All vigilant to defend the realms of God.

Now, now the horrid surging glooms descending,
Bear Satan down, who looks a falling night :
Like cluster'd suns in heaven's morn ascending,
Gloom-freed, triumphant, Michael stands in light.

Michael.—Rebellious, crafty, Oh ! remorseless, proud—
Lucifer falls : and where he sinks shades all,
Jagg'd gloom with twilight fring'd attends him, loud,
Descending, still descending with his fall.
And where he turns his anger-bloated face,
Lo ! comes yon lurid fire that reddens space.

There, with disgust involuntary, reel
And rock those spheres unsunn'd ; as muttering low,
His rage he frees in baleful thunder-peal,
As if the universe was groaning now.
By depth diminished—mote-like—the arch-fiend flies,—
Now hush'd and bright rest all the under-skies.

Angels in high spheres.—Great seraph ! worthy of the sword
Of faith, and shield of light !

Ascend, and burn before The Lord,
When bath'd your limbs all-potent, bright.

Other Angels.—In waves of nectar-fountains,
That flow from silver mountains.

Other Angels.—Then, Michael, rest in tranquil bowers,
Reclin'd on beds of ether flowers.

Other Angels.—The ever-fragrant fadeless roses,
Immortal lilies ever pure :
The growth of clime that e'er reposes,
On silent golden shore.

Lower Angels.—His halcyon soaring flight,
Heavenward the mighty Seraph bends,
Impell'd unto the throne, ascends

On clouds of rosy light.

Angels in high sphere.—Wheels back, all hing'd with light, heaven's diamond gate,

There, cherubs Satan's conqueror await.

Mercy.—These all ascend to blessed clime ; ay, me,

I must wing down for time to earth's dim shore ;

Yet time, small circle in eternity,

Thanks be to God, shall soon exist no more.

A VINEYARD.

(Job, Wife, and Daughters. Mercy and Patience, reclin'd on Evening Clouds).

Job.—How sweet to sit beneath these olive trees ;

Whose leaves are fann'd not, with the evening breeze

Passing, like angels' wings so soft and warm !

To sit, Oh ! wife, on these green slopes ; and calm,

To gaze around with adoration's eyes

On bounteous earth, mankind's large paradise ;

As Adam blest, when he in Eden stood ;

And like him thank our Maker, for all good.

Mercy (on a cloud).—Yon mortals deem they gaze on rest serene ;

Patience (on a cloud).—To them, as unto us, was all the scene

Outspread ; they'd motion hear and see, from air

Down to the earth's unresting centre ; where

The elements in boisterous harmony,

Engender, and send forth from nursery

Subterrene, things that mantle o'er this star.

Mercy (on a cloud).—Saw they, heard they, life here, there, everywhere ;

Saw rock and mount with life all throbbing : sea

(To us like skies of green transparency)
 Billowed with life : one wave of life, lake, stream ;
 Saw air, earth, water, with existence teem ;
 Active, inactive, yet e'er feeling, breathing—
 Saw th' universe of yon grass-blade ; the wreathing
 Of odour-clouds around you rose ; the tree
 One pinnacle of life—could they but see
 And hear the root grow, branch shoot, flower unfold ;
 The spread of colour, and the fall of gold
 On fin of fish, on bird's and insect's wing ;
 The warp and woof of light ; the form in form,
 Life in life, shaping, quick'ning everything ;
 That solitudes were not ; but rife with being, warm
 Sentient all deserts ; and, far more than these,
 Than all, saw they the secret energies
 That in themselves e'er work, by which they move,
 Think, or discourse—they'd then know that repose
 Was not, but that work universal wove
 For all a garment, which o'er all love throws ;
 Whilst duty joins the whole in concord blest,
 Till general harmony seems general rest.

Kezia.—Hark where the nightingale in yon still grove
 Of myrtles, warbling, frees his breast of love ;
 Continuing the concert of the skies ;
 Singing the sun to sleep, whilst, crimson, lies
 His head on ocean-pillow : charm'd, the air
 Will list its song, jug, jug, jug, la, la, la ;
 Till moon and stars in tents of soft twilight,
 Waking, aside air-curtains noiseless draw,
 And pace the purple deserts of the night.

Mercy (on a cloud).—Let us ascend, I yet would view the sun
 Where 'neath the horizon, gorgeous-robed he's gone.
 How warm the zephyr's wings on which we soar !

Patience.—Now, as through veil with fish o'erspangled, see

The sun, through ocean's green transparency !

Eve (Job's Daughter).—With hand of light, Oh ! Star, Oh !

Hesperus !

Thou seem'st to beckon darkness unto us.

Mercy.—I see before the sun move a black spot.

Patience.—'Tis Satan.

GOD.

All spirits winging from the earth, her sun

Leave westward, lest ye Satan meet, and the arch-fiend ye

Molest.

Spirits.—God, Father, God, Thy will be done.

Patience.—Enlarg'd, the fallen angel's pinions float

More near !

Mercy.— On mischief bent he seeks this globe,
Intent to hurl to ruin yonder Job.

Job.—Dear daughters, take your harps, soothe more the hour
With song ; my soul would own bland music's power.

Jemima.—Father, we will, and sing of this sweet bower.

(*Sings*). Our garden's treasures once so fair,

Hang now like still dishevell'd hair,

Of one who silent grieves ;

The flowers we train'd so gay of late,

Now hang forsa'en, disconsolate,

Wild, wild, among the leaves.

The musk-rose, lily, grassward bent,

In breathings sad, soft, redolent,

Do ask us why we weep ;

They ask us every eve and morn,

Tear-laden, where's your brothers gone ?

Then in our faces peep.

We may no more their beauties train,

We read in faded charms their pain,

Renews our grief their woe ;

We gaze into their dewy eyes,

We meet their fragrance with our sighs,
Then drop them silent, slow.

Kezia (sings).—No star forth gleams on purple sky,
But seems aloft a brother's eye ;
Nor o'er that sky may pass a cloud,
That seems not, pale, a brother's shroud.

Kezin (sings).—The songs they sang we may not sing,
Nor wake the harps they ever lov'd ;
Such to the eye of Job, tears bring,
As melts he, mem'ry-mov'd.
We dread the herds and flocks to tend,
For there our brothers seem to wend.

Jemima (sings).—We hasten silent to the well,
In silent haste our pitchers fill,
No moments, ling'ring, stay ;
Oh ! they did once the water draw,
We weep as though their forms we saw ;
Then, speechless, haste away.

The Three.—Ah ! We nor muse, sleep, labour, move,
But present they in sisters' love.

Job.—Oh ! The strange tumult of a father's joys,
When he embraces daughters : all, draw nigh.
Jemima, dove ! who bears me to the skies,
Kezia ! cassia ! sweeter far than Gilead's balm,
Kezin ! my youngest, with more beautiful eyes
Than the gazelle's ! who doth Mount Tabor charm.

Wife.—Alas ! My sons, Seth, Korah, my brave boys !
How can'st thou, Job, behold mine agony,
Yet calmly live ? such patience may but prove,
You bore our offspring slain, but frigid love.

Job.—Heaven knows they were the solace of my life,
But they are gone for aye ; dew earth, Oh ! wife,
With tears ; yet thence our flowers will spring not ; or
I'd melt away in one dissolving shower.

Hence, to forget them, I attempt ; and find,
 In service paid to God, e'en Gilead's balm ;
 And whilst engross'd with duties, in mankind,
 Behold my family ; and, thus, am calm.
 I must remember, too, perchance, they're borne
 From future ill, had made our hearts more bleed ;
 So Patience whispers, and forbids to mourn,
 Whispers thank God for yet remaining seed.

Eve (sings).—As from our world glide sunset's glows,
 It seems there, seraph, lifting wing ;
 Westward, in gorgeous silence, rose—
 But on yon bright mounts lingering ;
 Look'd back on scenes belov'd he leaves ;
 As memory, soften'd, musings weaves.

Salome (sings).—He pensive seems to droop his plumes ;
 Anon, they sweeping from the scene,
 Will leave soft down which, pale, on glooms
 Shall flutter, and thence melt serene.

Jemima (sings).—Is not a cherub kneeling there,
 Deep rapt in adoration, prayer,
 To Him, the Lord of life and light,
 Never reveal'd to mortal sight ?

Miriam.—Or sit two angels in the west,
 Enjoying tranquil hour of rest,
 On yonder shining mounts reclin'd,
 As on rose banks, or vermeil thrones ;
 Out-pouring there, in unheard tones,
 The glowing angel-mind :
 As 'mid a golden burning clime
 They rest in holy peace sublime ?

Patience.—Lo ! Satan in the west is hovering now.
 There hangs a waning evening on his brow.

Mercy.—And up the horizon comes a starless night,
 The dreary trail of his e'er darksome flight.

Wife.—Some potent spirit in that sudden breeze,
 His chariot own'd ; for mark'd you not, how bow'd
 Yon cedar-forests, as the rocks aloud,
 Echo'd the sea-like rustling of the trees ?

Job.—Celestials wing o'er earth this evening :
 Pacing from judgment-seat a spirit on wing
 I met ; and knew immortal must be nigh ;
 For from a neighbouring vale great brilliancy,
 As shed by pitted sun, globe-like arose :
 And soon, as when the breath of summer blows,
 Shaking the tremulous leaves, I heard a sound :
 And instantly that radiance crescent, round,
 Spread glorious ; as a morn from earth did rise,
 Illuming vale, hill, air ; till, in the skies,
 It seem'd a soaring mountain wing'd with fire ;
 Its splendour narrowing as it mounted higher ;
 Yet growing more intense : it hung a while
 Athwart the desert like a sunny isle :
 Then, soaring, seem'd a flame-plum'd bird, that rest
 Sought in the groves of azure, where its nest
 Hung cloud-pil'd : then, it seem'd a star that glid,
 Till fading, melting in the blue 'twas hid.
 Thrice happy mortals ! since the sons of heaven
 Still honour us ! alas ! that as a girth,
 Sin should surround the world with scaring shade,
 That those bright visitants which, once, by glade,
 Sea, mountain, roam'd ; now hence, by evil driven,
 Are rarely seen, save in their works, on earth.

Kezia (sings).—The spirit calm of twilight now,
 His silver wings droops softly slow,
 And as they smoothing silent close ;
 The pallid plumes aërial,
 On gorgeous down that lined them, fall ;
 And hide the hues of purple, rose :

As sheen late tinted bright by day,
On breast unruffled dies away.

Eve.—And now in mighty growing arch o'erhead,
The sable angel of the coming night,
His cloudy wings of violet plumes doth spread,
To dim the world with darksome, swooping flight.

Kezin.—He slowly lifts them off the dusky east,
His gloomy pinions more—yet more unfold ;
Widening like canopy towards the west,
Whose hangings, spangled shine, with stars of gold.

Job.—Oh ! world of passing beauty, visible God !
Dear wife, put off thy discontented mood,
Look on our Eden wide, and daughters ; since
It pleases heaven such treasures to dispense,
Say not, it mercy lacks : though fortune's gone ;
And more, far more, our sons ; yet since bereft
Not of health, virtue, reputation, own,
More than we merit are the mercies left.

Wife.—What rises yonder ? unimagined form,
It looks the mighty demon of the storm ;
In pitchy clouds it awful, cumbrous spreads ;
Let us retire and roof our drooping heads.

Job.—Stay, ere is sought repose ; beneath the skies,
From altars of the heart let incense rise.
Kneel round me.—Gracious God, for one more day,
We thank Thee. Ah ! Who knows what evil may
Have whelm'd us, save for Thy stretch'd arm ? Who knows
What unacknowleg'd good in one day flows
From Thee, its source ? Kind Lord of earth and heaven
Ere close Thy servants' eyes, for mercies given,
We offer humble thanks ; and when we sleep,
Beseech Thee o'er us watch, our slumbers keep.

(It thunders).

Night nears in storm-wheeled chariot ; daughters, wife,

We'll rest, thus husband health, prime joy of life !
Wife.—Hark, chariot of the prince of air awoke
 That thunder, as its wheels round rapid, broke
 The clouds on heaven's purple road ; I come.
 (*They enter house. Satan descends.*)

Satan.—I mingle with congenial scenes again ;
 Darkness, dull slumber, sin, woe, falsehood, pain ;
 And the rank fumes, death's dew ! which earth, dim tomb,
 Reeking with flesh, breathes noxious. Here no grim
 Perfections torture me ; no seraphim
 In bliss, adore my regnant rival ; here,
 No Michael's sword an empyrean cleaves,
 Doling immortal wounds : whilst hangs foul gloom
 So dense o'er this degenerate outer sphere,
 That comes obscured e'en God's gaze as He grieves,
 Beholding misery, works that love planned, mar.
 Lo ! Mercy prone on silver clouds, sublime !
 Whilst those bright stars which shape a cross, her brow
 Gem like a world-made coronet, and lo !
 Like tender twilight o'er the azure brim
 Of ocean's chalice, silvering rocky rim,
 Bending from skies, mild Patience with still robe,
 Hangs o'er the silent roof where dwelleth Job :
 The man for whom spirits good and evil war.
 What, ho ! pale Patience, hence ! Lest dart I mean
 For flesh strike thee, and change thy mood serene.
 Hear'st thou ?

Patience.— Save Mercy's, no commands I hear.

Satan.—Abhorred ! again thou present.

Mercy.— Everywhere

I am, invisible or visible.

Satan.—Now, thine antagonism and spite are vain,
 Since, thought triumphant ! Job is in my power ;
 But as I know affliction gives thee pain,

I here allow thy presence ; thou, as shower
 My tortures fleshward, sympathy shall feel ;
 Thus I'll gain sufferers, enlarged anguish deal.
 Lo ! When o'er Job's bowed head this poison'd dart
 Hisses like venom-spitting serpent ; smart
 And writhe, he'll straightway, in bone, nerve, and pore ;
 Collapse, one blain, white ulcer, scarlet sore.
 Now, speed ye, blains ! (*Satan shoots aerial arrow*).

Job (within).— Ha ! What new tortures !

Satan.— Ha, ha !

He writhed deliciously.

Job.— Oh ! me.

Satan.— Aimed well.

That groan was music to my ears, like knell
 When sinner dies. Oh ! Sweet are yells of war ;
 Shrieks of the murder'd ; the remorseful throes
 Of wretch who slew at midnight ; soothing flows
 The feeble moan of suff'ring infancy ;
 The cries of childbirth ; dying mother's sigh ;
 When, in its birth her babe lies strangled : glad
 I list when heartstrings break ; when rave the mad :
 When God and angels sigh, o'er earth, my star :
 I love each varied and discordant bar
 Of evil's concert ; but love, more than all,
 To hear blaspheme the righteous, see him fall.
 The ulcers now. (*Shoots second aerial arrow.*)

Job (within).— Oh ! Oh ! Ah !

Wife (from roof of house).— Help, help, men
 Or devils !

Satan.— Transcendent his pangs were then ;
 Most exquisite ! Delightful thus to pain
 Him who so long withstood me, baulk'd my reign ;
 Would serve his Maker : psha ! he'll curse Him soon,
 And I'll grant pangs eternal for the boon.

Lo ! Patience bends her brows upon me, grieve

Can she ? What, Mercy, thou too frown—on me ?

Mercy.—Dragon abhorred ! vile serpent !

Satan.— With your leave (*shoots third arrow*) ;

Hence, scarlet sores, and blast Job.

Daughter (rushing from house).—Help, our old

Good, stricken father ! Neighbours ! Friends ! Oh ! oh !

Job.—Mercy, Mercy, Mercy !

Patience.— Bear, Job ! and, lo !

Peace undisturb'd thy faithfulness shall crown.

Satan.—Torture can go no further ; let alone ;

When spent the dumbness wrought by agony,

He'll curse God. Over vanquished Job, I see

Patience bends low. Depart, dull cherub.

(*Satan moves to attack Patience*).

Mercy (advancing).— Halt !

Kezin.—Morn seems re-entering womb of night, so dim

All grows.

Mercy.—In vain you blacken with your ire,

The dawn : when God thee leave gave to assault

Yon man, He bade thee spare his life ; retire.

(*Satan falls back before Mercy*).

Patience.—Oh ! seraph, man will triumph ; not for him

Weep, where thou'rt bending o'er the fiend abhorred,

Malignant, dim.

Kezia.— Big drops of rain, as though

Sweated the heavens with anguish, earthward flow.

Jemima.—Let us go in.

All.— Alas ! to go I dread.

Mercy.—Rise, hateful thing ! I may not bruise thy head.

Yet scarce contain to spare.

Satan.— Put up thy sword ;

To thy forbearance much, in sooth, I owe :

God cannot reign without me ; well you know

Evil's the medicine of the universe,
 Producing, strengthening, good ; and it must be.
 This comes through His creating, vanity
 Prodigious ! He would be admired, be seen.

Why did He not Himself for ever screen,
 As when, through ages long, He sate conceal'd
 In selfishness immense, and lone did brood,
 On the enormous plan, creation has reveal'd ?

Why rose He in self-love immense, and proud,
 Call'd forth the universe, that forc'd, appeared
 A trembling suppliant thrall : bound evermore
 To gaze on Him, and, suffering, to adore ?
 Why spake He that sad dreadful mandate, " Be ? "
 Thus uttering, with His first word, primal curse,
 Curse to exist, ah ! everlastingly.

Truth (on a morning cloud).—Inflicter of all suffering ! you
 know well—

Though haply in this star, and realms of hell,
 Thou reign'st—that evil in the universe
 Is but a drop in the ocean vast of good.
 But I disdain thee answer ; thou, falsehood
 To man, preach'd too successfully ; thy wiles
 He credits, but spirits of vision high,
 Arch hypocrite, see poison in thy smiles ;
 Behold thee, one huge artifice and lie.

Satan.—Truth, if man loves thee not, can I help that ?

I were unwise the worm to undeceive :
 If, by deceptive baits, I catch him, what
 Concerns that, angels ? If into his ear
 I whisper, " Serving God is gloom, is fear,
 That all my sceptre claims is noble, joy ; "

Then finding him so prone to bend the knee,
 Am I to advise the dull slave what alloy
 Mingles therewith ? Cannot the dotard see

From fellow sufferer, that death, trouble, pain
 Still follow in my wake ? Am I to arraign
 Myself, with wisdom, his fall'n mind to school,
 His intellect to raise and purify ?
 Thus, lauding, strengthening, my Almighty foe,
 As man I'd bring to my Arch-adversary ?
 Shall I act thus, oh, cherub stern ? Never. No.
 Since man's content with wretchedness, we'll leave
 Him thus ; not I would break the fruitful spell,
 And so whilst peopling heaven, unpeople hell.
 Yet, as I chain, I scorn, the monster, fool.

Job (within).—Open the tent—I choke—I cannot breathe.
 (*The canvas front of the house is thrown back.*)

Satan.—Behold ! where Job, one boil from head to foot,
 In ashes sits ; and with a potsherd scrapes
 His scarlet sores.

Job.— Oh !

Satan.— Ha ! ha ! safe I've got
 Him now ; delightful vision ! as escapes
 Him groan, it charms me.

Wife.— Thy integrity
 Retainest thou ? Curse God, curse Him, and die.

Satan.—Oh, capital.

Job.— Ah ! Foolish woman, shall
 We good receive at God's hand, never ill ?

Satan.—Hum !

Patience.—Who, in growing light, comes, each a speck,
 O'er yonder plain ?

Mercy.— Job's friends : upon his wreck
 They come to gaze, and comfort round him wreath.
 Oh ! What a fair thing is humanity,
 Array'd, with flush of charms, in purity !
 Thou know'st not what a flower beautiful
 And bright it was, ere thou its sweets did cull.

Satan.—God on the poison'd flower, should have stamp'd
When from its stem, e'en Him, it fell torn damped.

Mercy.—Deem³ you that, from the mortal ages, good
Is treasur'd not, for the immortal store ?
If earth has evil, know, she good has more.
Were it not thus, in ill's beginning, God
Had earth and all its creatures bade decay,
And pass to new formations.

Satan.— Yet away
Evil had passed not, but had followed still,
Those atoms once polluted, ay, and will.

Patience.—Those friends are Eliphaz the Temanite,
Bildad of Shur, Zophar—Namanthite.
They all lift up their eyes afar, and know
Not Job : and now they lift their voices : now
They, weeping, rend the mantle ; on the head
Sprinkle dust heavenward, near with solemn tread.

Job.—Oh ! Gracious Lord, I thank Thee for the dawn,
And yon dear friends.

Friends and Daughters, (embracing).—Oh ! oh !

Patience and Mercy.— I weep.

Satan.— I scorn.

Eliphaz.—By father Esau, I must, on this seat,
Gain heart, ere Job, my friend afflicted, greet.

Satan.—Since, Mercy, in these skies thou watch wilt keep ;
See, with how much of what thou'rt pleased to call
Fiendish delight, I'll load their breasts with gall,
Rage, falsehood, envy, as beneath they creep.
Yes, they shall smite, with keenest pangs, Job's heart
When he discovers friends are foes who fawn ;
Patience, thou'lt, then, perform a difficult part :
Meanwhile, the lesser torments of the flesh,
I'll straight renew, he'll hardly break my mesh.

Eliphaz.—Oh ! woeful sight.

Bildad.— Oh ! horror, oh ! poor friend.

Zophar.—Oh ! worthy friend, what nobleness is gone,
With noble Job !

(Satan hovers o'er them).

Eliphaz.— Yet, did his heart e'er tend
Towards pride.

Bildad.— Yea, verily, his teeming wealth
Thus puff'd him up.

Zophar.— Much is obtained by stealth,
When garner'd much.

All.— Enter ; behold his fall,
He's lowly now who late o'ertowered us all.

(Friends enter the house).

Satan.—Oh ! Mercy, ha ! Ho ! Patience. Oh ! these mortals.

Should such frail creatures desecrate the portals
I issued from, heaven's gates ? As winds, they change,
Which move the lazy-winged clouds that range
Beneath us : and such are the hearts that beat
In flesh, abode of raptures novel, sweet ;
Connubial love, new thrills we spirits envy ;
Curious to experience what the emotions be ;
Unknown sensations, rising from this odd,
Union of spirit and matter, which your God
In spite, caprice, has deign'd to form ; such are
The beings He's ambitious should fall down,
And worship Him : I'd marvel at His care
For such allegiance, were it not so known,
That power to tyrannize to Him is dear.
The worm must live not, save it crawl in fear.

Justice (from a cloud).—For weal of mortals, angel fallen,
I'd fain

Thy sway was such, that service was not pain,
But joy.

Satan.— Unworthy God to crave the knee,

Of those obscure foul creatures ; who the will
 Of arbitrary peer, in hosts, obey :
 And, when the warlike mite harangues, shouts “ kill,”
 Their fellow-dust, cool, unoffended, slay ;
 The treasures, beauties of their star, tread down ;
 And shame ! for hire, that they might keep alive
 Their gross, dull, abject flesh, for earth, how prone !
 If angel, angel serve, he straight must be
 Thrust forth from heaven, banish’d from God, from bliss ;
 But this Ingrate, more earth than spirit, this
 Unhappy worm, whose sensual appetites,
 Lime his dim soul, enslave from heavenward flights,
 May serve his peer, and low revolt survive :
 Nay, be recipient of the love of God ;
 Yea, more—but I doubt this—the Godhead, blood,
 And flesh will deign receive : thus, glorify
 Humanity, whilst such promotion high,
 Spirit ne’er knew.

Mercy.—

God is a spirit, thus,

The unfallen nature has of all of us.
 Affect not disbelief in truth, though high,
 Abstruse, that God will perfect harmony :
 Surely, He’ll to His nature mankind take,
 And man, of His transcendence, shall partake.
 Thou know’st at periods heaven holds festival ;
 What time we see new worlds with centre-ball,
 Whose foundations ethereal, age remote
 Saw laid.

Satan.—

How many ere thou wast, I saw

From God breath’d, vapour-like, float on through space !
 Then, halt, from felt command, in destin’d place ;
 Pregnant with innate progress, life. And there,
 From inborn sympathy, cull masses vast,
 Or atoms ; as the uniform’d floated past :

Feeding their bulk : whilst to that general law
 Obedient, which to centres tendeth e'er,
 The purer parts decreed to be the sun,
 Concentrating, repell'd each grosser one,
 Doom'd to be worlds : these, still obedient to
 That law, down to their centres ceaseless bow :
 And, thus, each sever'd mass revolves, and rounds,
 In yielding skies ; till, mid harmonious gloom,
 The globes, with central globe, outheaving loom,
 Vast, ponderous, dim ; and mark a system's bounds,
 Meanwhile, from law of an all-binding love,
 Which I dispute—the systems round, above,
 Beneath, attracting, link them in the sky,
 And dance with new-world groups in harmony.

Truth.—But all those systems named the universe,
 Know, own a central orb : and he, their sun,
 Centre of many centres ! parent-star
 Of hosts of suns ! in orbit dim, how far !
 Bears on that universe, as known to us ;
 Round centre of all centres. God, the One.—
 Yea, following and preceding, mighty peers,
 Of whom each trails a universe along,
 Like his : around whom glorious systems throng ;
 Whose revolutions through unmeasur'd spheres,
 Like his degrees are of a circle—he,
 With them, voyages through immensity :
 Around God—God, of all end, centre, source.
 And they'll pursue orb'd, unimagined, course,
 Till their stupendous revolutions are done ;
 And gone all we conceive, and new begun.

Satan.—Oh ! spirit, vision strange, illimitable,
 And scarce to finite sense imaginable ;
 Enough to humble all intelligence
 Created,

Mercy.— Thine.

Satan.— Why mine, an angel's, since

Mortal is proud, whose knowledge is a span,
 Who calls himself, ha ! intellectual man.
 'Twas once my lofty part, when with your Lord
 A friend, o'er crescent worlds to keep keen ward,
 When system-germs, save to spirit supreme
 Invisible, have shot like infant beam,
 From Godward realm, through space to spot decreed.
 How oft I've watched the wond'rous work immense,
 Of forming worlds : mid atmosphere dim, dense,
 Marked chaos moulding slow ; orbicular spread,
 And form mid thunders ! when the elemental fight
 Was somewhat soothed, gross parts would sink ; the light
 Float aqueous, vapoury, still, to grow more rare,
 As ages filtered atoms—till, 'twas air.
 I've watched the mingled matter, ever rife
 With that vitality pervading all ;
 Beauty, assume, instinct with embryo life ;
 Which still essay'd to mount and breathe, e'en where
 Transparent now, hung vital atmosphere ;
 Till, living stirr'd the surface of the Ball.
 That sluggish rind lives ages—dies—its dust
 Descendant generations yields ; to crust
 Consolidating sphere : another, and
 Another still succeeds, to lie mid sand ;
 Ages deposit on the swelling globe ;
 Whilst, as the parts impure of its air-robe,
 Inbreath'd, are central suck'd, and it grows pure,
 The living surface stirs less sluggish, more
 Intelligent : o'er some, as o'er this star,
 Whilst clarifies the slow-refining air,
 An ocean falls ; where slimy beings reside,
 In tepid world : still, as descends the tide,

Beings succeed more vital, till the flood
 Retired, a race in reeking solitude
 Leaves, mid its soak'd and streaming lees ; with fin
 Man deems enormous, doomed amphibious in
 Black mud-oceans to floundering splash : then, crawl
 On rock-tops, heav'd from centre of the ball ;
 Or bask with long trail'd limb, and lazy eye,
 Sole monarch of the globe, surveying seas
 Sink in their oozy beds : these, also die,
 And o'er their slime grows fairer life, in trees ;
 Till waves the globe, one living, verdant plume,
 With creatures throng'd whose homes are in the bloom,
 The branch, the blade.

Mercy.—

Proceed.

Satan.—

Nay.

Mercy.—

The worlds now meet

For reasoning being, angel or man, await
 The inspection of The Word, Who made, and bright
 Approving glance—their culminating light :
 He breathes—superior creatures straight arise
 Of God's spirit temples : that race dies,
 For nobler life, as man for angel ; so
 Progressing through eternity, till, lo !
 A system pure enters the immaculate—
 I said the worlds new-form'd their Maker wait ;
 Oh ! then, magnificent moment ! parts the cloud
 Supernal ; and, in chariot, mid a flood
 Of matchless beams—whilst congregated skies,
 Peal sweet, though loud, celestial harmonies—
 Messiah down the dazzling plane of light
 Empyrean, grand, descends in lightning-flight,
 And in a centre halts. Far, far around
 Heaven's hierarchies, in distance without bound,
 Stand with closed wings ; so crowded the bright hosts

Assembled, countless, from heaven's utmost coasts.
 These with immortal banners lowered, receive
 The Son of God, who on them pours forth light ;
 Which through all spirits diffused, mid, near, and far,
 Illumes with rays unusual sapphire height
 And emerald valley, where they glittering heave,
 With myriads ; thus, one iridescent star,
 Flames heaven—thronged with expectant Angel-bands.
 Hushed is the universe, silent to hear
 Christ speak, Who now aloft on central ball,
 New-form'd, in glory mute ineffable stands.
 Soon, through the silence of transported air,
 Rich with all harmonies, Messiah's voice
 Breaks forth mellifluous, reigns entrancing all,
 As new-made worlds it names and calls them good ;
 And bids heaven welcome them and to rejoice.
 Heaven does, in shouts triumphant long and loud :
 Which, pealing from unnumber'd angel-crowd,
 Shake heaven's unmeasur'd vault, whilst systems nigh,
 The new world's morning stars ! hymn melody.

Satan.—You, spirit, describe grand things which I know well ;

Ay, me, His thousand steeds ethereal,
 'Twas mine to guide ; and mine to wing where turn'd
 The vanward eye-wheel, fieriest seen, mid wide
 Revolving spirit-circles ; where they burn'd
 One eyeball, an instinctive motion-tide :—
 The imperial gonfalon flam'd suspended o'er
 Me, where I flew scarce lower than Him ; yet low,
 Since bound, when He alighted, to adore.

Mercy.—When last I heard Him system name, but oh !
 How glorious that to this, where men abide ;
 Where worlds obscure roll round dim unpriz'd sun !
 Then, not as is His wont, back to the cloud
 • rode ; but standing 'mid all, all-seen one !

Whilst Thrones, Dominions, Powers, joy-ravished, glow'd
As they did list, leaving circumference wide.

He spake—

Satan.— Of what ?

Mercy.— His crucifixion ; spoke

Of that unprecedented hour, when He
Will deign descend to wear the fleshly yoke ;
That man unequal found alone, o'er thee,
In Him, may triumph ; triumph over hell.
What bliss His voice breathes you who've heard it know,
And the great ravishment that follows ; no
Expression may be uttered till it wanes :
When loud hosannas, angel-hosts outpour'd ;
Sublime, had wheel'd away Messiah, Lord :
Approaching height, o'er all height where He reigns,
We saw Him ere our hymns did choral swell.

Satan.—Joy at my fall, not love of Him, awoke
Those plaudits : so that wretched prophecy,
Stale as absurd, is current still, that I,
The serpent, shall be bruised by human seed :
I am amaz'd God stoops, nor scorns to feed
Ear of the universe with tale so idle, so—
Ha ! ha ! I'm not a despicable foe ;
It charms me in my fall—so named—to know
How nicely balanced are the powers, of good
And evil, since I, I must be withstood
By Him, Himself : the arena, earth ; oh ! earth
Exult with liberal laughter, deafening mirth ;
Since such huge honour as The Invisible
To walk thee, is vouchsafed : nor say, fall'n globe !
Since I it cause, I thee of glory rob.
Proud thought ! I wage invincible war with none
Less than Jehovah's delegated Son :
For glory so stupendous who'd not fall ?

Faith.—Sneers, scoffs assum'd, oh ! Fraudful Lucifer,

When comes thine hour shall change to shame and fear.

Satan.—I would the rumour false bare truth, and near

Momentous conflict ; on my star, dull earth,

Antagonistic, gulfed in flesh ; my power

He'll scarce withstand. Oh ! if I conquer, then,

I'll hurl Him 'mid my scorn, my legion's mirth ;

With good, light, joy, all things that bless, are bless'd ;

Down fathomless depths, to that infernal den

Where He hurl'd me, abode of pain, despair.

Then, o'er the entrance dark, pile world on world ;

Systems amass'd, with atoms each a ball ;

Not adamantine mounts on me he hurl'd :

He ne'er, as I did, by or force or guile

Shall rise for chance of pardon. Let God be

My vanquished, then The Source of all things bright

And happy—known, unknown—shall cease to be :

Destroy'd when stunn'd. Or, if existent, strive

God, how he may, to spread His cavern'd light—

New dawn on dark ; struggle howe'er with rest

To soothe grief, turmoil ; know, repulsing good,

Shall bless and joy the universe no more :

Gloom, woe eternal, indescribable pain,

Shall reign through all, when I o'er all shall reign.

Mercy.—Then, I should be not.

Satan.— So.

Charity.— Nor charity live ?

Satan.—No !

Faith.— Faith ?

Satan.— Why yes, the Faith that must believe

In misery experienc'd. Patience should

God's fall survive : where nought could change, nought
cure,

Through grim eternity she'd teach to endure.

Truth.—Oh ! Amiable Lucifer ! Creation well
 May joy that thy power lives in will alone.
 But fiend, thy keenness, innate craft, now leave
 Thee ; thou forgett'st that could'st thou—deed abhorr'd,
 Impossible ! in base spheres plunge the Lord,
 That what regions soe'er Source of bliss own
 And good, there happiness and light must dwell :
 The Lord is love, is light, is bliss, and, so,
 From them, for they're Himself, could not be driven :
 For where God is, is heaven ; Himself is heaven ;
 As thou art hell, and hell where dwellest thou.

Satan.—But sense of wrong would make Him e'en the hell
 That I am.

Justice.— Hence, you own, it is a wrong
 Against the All-Creator to rebel.

Satan.—Yes, it would wake in Him the hell these long
 Ages I've borne ; the unutterable fierce hate,
 The deadly scorn thwarted ambition knows ;
 Hate, courage, scorn, that recks not of remorse.

Truth.—'Tis thus when opposition evil's course
 Arrests ; then venom, rage, like oceans flow,
 O'erflooding all ; with good it is not so :
 Though such may lack the power to fulfil
 Blest wish, yet thwarted good is happy still :
 The sweet essentials of all joy are there,
 Nor come may tribulation, rage, despair.

Satan.—When we inflict a wrong, less anguish flows
 Than when we bear one.

Justice.— That is not of Truth.
 But oh ! what wrong is thine ! the being restrain'd
 From doing what had all creation stain'd
 With injury : from ruling what, in sooth,
 You had usurp'd.

Satan.— Usurp'd !

Justice.— You had sway'd that
Which from you not proceeded ; which alone
God might, since He created, justly own.

Satan.—How know we that He made one mite, of what
They say He did ?

Truth.—You've owned God formed worlds, man ;
You know God still creates ; you know none can
Create save God. Oh ! were it possible
Some dire catastrophe could work His fall ;
Then, instantly, those border-worlds, which now
Where on creation's verge God's spirit broods,
Loom dim ; and forms globose begin to show,
As glimmers light in chaos' gloomy roods—
Would cease to round, cease to consolidate :
And in their jagg'd, half-form'd, abortive state,
Hang in their twilights ; monuments to prove
That finish none, what God commenced, nor move,
Since, then, we know He forms alone, whom shall
We worship else, or whom Creator call ?
Inferior spirit ?

Mercy.— Fiend, I came forth since thee ;
Hadst thou not liv'd, no need had been for me.
Then, when my fellow-cherubs took my hand,
Warbling love's welcoming so sweet, and bland ;
They pointed to the zenith-throne, where God
Sat light-screen'd, saying lo ! the blest abode
Of Him who made you : oft our duties blest,
Being done, as angel-throng in holy rest,
We sate on mounts, as on bright thrones ; where mist
Secluded us in clime of amethyst ;
Or down in vales e'er green reclin'd, by fall
Of turquoise lull'd—that murmuring musical,
Bubbled in pearly oceans, where it fell
O'er ruby mounts ; then wound its azure way,

Meandering through the diamond, emerald dell ;
 Where bless'd groups in righteous discourse lay ;—
 Or lounged by seas unruffled, blue, whose shore
 Swell'd golden, flower-enamell'd ; till on high,
 Fork'd lustrous, undulating every dye
 It glow'd, far rainbows : or sat we by fount,
 Clear nectar, amarant bower—Oh, then, how oft
 As through the eves of heaven, delicious, soft,
 We held discourse ; the Elders did recount
 Their ancient births ; their elders took the hand
 They told, warbling glad welcomes, lofty, bland,
 They pointed to half-open'd cloud, where God
 Sate light-screen'd, saying, lo ! the blest abode
 Of Him who made you.

Satan.—

They were in the plot.

Mercy.—Moreover, being wise, they could not doubt,
 God made them, for all since He made ; and none
 Forms aught, or aught upholds, save He ; when one
 So far o'er all we know, or see around,
 Appears, we deem the First Cause there is found ;
 If we have light, we cannot deem the greater
 By lesser form'd, created, the creator :
 Or that the modern liv'd before the ancient ;
 And since the eldest own when first they saw
 The light, they, then, beheld The Omnipotent
 As now ; reason affirms that He, before
 Them all, existed.

Satan.—

Who made Him, I ask ?

Truth.—To answer that, oh ! Angel fall'n, were task
 Beyond all finite mind, and thou know'st we
 Though spirit are finite ; thou Satan, wast free
 To explore all space, yet hidden from thy sight
 Was much, known only to The Infinite.
 What was God's source of being, lip may not tell

That truth with mysteries rests inscrutable :
 Since all that is came after God, who'll know
 From whence came God, or when from Him did flow
 The stream of life ? Created nature tries
 To solve that mystery of mysteries,
 In vain : low man cannot conceive of space
 Without a bound, because a boundary
 Confines his mind ; and angels though of race
 More high, since limited their spirits be,
 Of being without beginning can conceive
 Not : till new powers which may, enlarg'd, perceive
 God deigns bestow, or yet more light reveal,
 That must for ever bear eternal seal.
 The source of being's source, not being knows,
 Unless the spheres God lately spoke of, those
 Regions remote beyond the universe,
 Which we so name ; unseen, unknown to us,
 Contain intelligences deep, and high
 Enough, to comprehend the mystery.

Satan.—The sovereign of the unimagin'd, vast,
 To be a man and walk the earth ! 'tis past
 , Belief : the monstrous subject bids me smile.

Truth.—Conclusion more convenient than wise,
 Which offereth ever, ignorance, or guile :
 Not to believe these intents of the skies,
 Too subtle, thou ; thy scoffings may not screen
 Thy faith in such ; thou credit'st them, I know :
 Would all were keen as thee, then, myriads, thou,
 Had'st not seduc'd to doubt, of angels, or of men.

Satan.—Lo ! we lose thought of yonder fleshmite, man.
 His groans less frequent are, more faint : to scan
 His blains, to hear his sighs, I must draw near,
 Let sounds of anguish charm my hungry ear.

INTERIOR OF JOB'S DWELLING.

(*Job, seated on the Ground, Wife, Daughters, Friends, Uzzites*).

Chorus.—Priest, prophet, prince who sway'd

The land of Edom, Job,

Lays aside his purple robe :

Lo ! prone upon the ground

One blain, one scarlet sore,

The mighty Judge is laid ;

In his bare breast no joy is found,

Where all was joy before.

Job.—Let the day perish wherein I was born,

Why from the womb was I not breathless torn ?

For now I should be still, and quiet ; sleep

With kings, and counsellors, of earth, who keep

For themselves places desolate. Ah ! there,

The weary rest, the prisoners no more hear

'The oppressors' voice ; the servant, there, is free.

Eliphaz.—Wilt thou be griev'd if we commune with thee ?

Is this thine hope, uprightness of thy ways,

Whoever being innocent decays ?

They who sow wickedness do reap the same.

Shall man more pure and just, dare God to blame ?

His angels, lo ! with folly charge He doth ;

How much, then, men who're crush'd before the moth !

Who are destroy'd from morning unto eve,

Perish for ever, nor their memory leave.

Job.—Oh ! that my grief were thoroughly weigh'd, it would

Be heavier than the sand of the great flood.

Brays the wild ass when he hath grass ? Begone

Would God destroy'd me ; pity should be shown

To him afflicted, by his friend. Alas !

Mine deal deceitful as the brooks that pass.

The troops of Tema looked ; the companies

Of Sheba watch'd, confounded were their eyes :

Because they hop'd they came, astonish'd see.
Did I say of your substance bring to me ?—
Is there not an appointed time for man,
On earth : are not his days as hireling's span ?
When I lie down I say, when shall I rise,
And night be gone ? I'm full of miseries
And tossings to and fro, till dawns the day ;
My flesh is cloth'd with worms, and dust, and clay.
Than weaver's beam my days are swifter, for,
The eyes that saw me, me shall see no more.
As vanisheth the smoke away, so he,
Who goes down to the grave no more shall be ;
No more unto his house return he may.
I loathe my life ; I would not live. Away !
My days are vain ; what is man that thou should
Him magnify, oh ! Lord, our gracious God ?

Bildad.—Enquire of former ages, long ago ;
For we're of yesterday, and nothing know,—
Because our day on earth like shadow flies.—
They'll teach thee as the flag unwater'd dies,
So are their paths who God forgot, withstood.

Job.—'Tis true, but how shall man be just with God,
Who moveth mountains and they know not, who
Shaking her out of her place, the earth doth bow ?
Who doth command the sun that riseth not,
Who scaleth up the stars ; who spreadeth out
The heavens, and treadeth on the waves of seas ;
Who makes Arcturus ; makes the Pleiades,
Orion, of the south the chambers. Lo !
I see Him not as He doth past me go.
He takes away ; who Him has e'er withstood ?
He doth destroy, the wicked, and the good :
He's not a man, that I should answer Him,
My days are pass'd, as ships that swiftly swim ;

My soul is weary of my life. Lord, cease.
Leave me alone, that I take comfort, peace,
Before I go whence I shall not return ;
E'en to the land of shadows, and the bourne
Of death, and where light is as darkness e'en.

Zophar.—Know God exacts less than deserves thy sin.
Canst thou by searching find out God ? Canst thou
Find out Th' Almighty to perfection ? Lo !
Than hell, He's deeper. What know'st thou ? More high
Than heaven, what canst thou do ? Iniquity,
If found in thee, put it away, nor fear.

Job.—No doubt ye are the people ; wisdom, here,
Shall die with you ; but I can understand :
He whose foot slips, and needs a helping hand,
Is as a lamp to them at ease who dwell,
I' the tabernacles of robbers, all is well ;
They who provoke God are secure, into
Whose hands God brings abundantly ; ask you
The earth ; the beast, fowl, fish, they thee will teach ;
Who knows not that God wrought in all, and each ?
In whose hands are the souls of all that lives,
And breath of all mankind ; he who deceives,
And the deceiv'd, are His ; He leads, as tools,
Counsellors spoil'd, and makes the Judges fools ;
He binds and looseth kings ; I humbly would
Speak to the Almighty ; I would reason with God—
But ye forge lies ; will ye speak wickedly
For God ? Will ye all condescendingly,
Accept His person ? I'll Him trust, though He
Slay me, and God will my salvation be.

Eliphaz.—What knowest thou that we do not inherit ?
Are secrets thine ? that thou turnest thy spirit
'Gainst God, who trusteth not His saints in light ;
Yea, clean are not the heavens in His sight :

Let not the deceiv'd trust in vanity ;
For vanity his recompense shall be ;
He'll fall as unripe grapes in vinehung bowers,
And as the olive, shed his faded flowers.

Job.—If your souls were in my soul's stead, I, too,
Against you could heap words, but I'd help you.
I was in wealth and ease, but the Lord broke me,
He took me by the neck, to pieces shook me ;
He breaks me, like a giant running on me,
My horn is in the dust, sackcloth 's upon me ;
My face is foul with weeping, tears are my food,
Oh ! earth, oh ! earth, cover thou not my blood ;
My kinsfolk fail, my maids strange on me look ;
Oh ! that my words were written in a book—
I know that my Redeemer liveth, and
On earth, He, at the latter day, shall stand ;
Though worms destroy this body, yet shall I
Behold God in my flesh ; yea, verily
There is a judgment : why on earth grow strong,
The wicked ? come, their children forth, and throng
Like flocks ; they take the harp and timbrel, bound
In dances, they rejoice in organs' sound.

Eliphaz.—Can man be profitable unto God ?
Is 't gain to Him that thou art perfect, good ;
Who hangeth earth on nothing ? He, the skies
Garnish'd, and form'd the serpent crooked, wise.
Lo ! these are portions of His mighty ways :
How small a part of Him man's soul surveys !
Regard the earth ; bread cometh thence, behold,
Its stones are sapphires, and its dust is gold.
There is a path which never fowl hath known,
Fierce lions tread it not ; o'er rocks of stone
He spreads His line, by roots the mounts doth raise,
He cutteth rivers among rocks ; His gaze

Seeth all things precious. But, where's wisdom ? where ?
 The depth, the sea, saith lo ! it is not here.
 With Ophir's gold, or coral 'neath the sea,
 Or delicate pearl, it cannot valued be ;—
 Than rubies, wisdom is more priceless, rare,
 Not with it Ethiop's topaz may compare.
 Whence then comes wisdom ? God perceives the ways
 Thereof, alone ; all under heaven surveys.
 Who makes the weights, for winds ; He weighs the flood.
 Behold true wisdom in the fear of God.

Job.—To dragons I'm a brother, to the owl
 Companion lone ; my skin is black and foul.
 If when the sun shone high I him adored,
 Or kissed my hand when walked the moon abroad ;
 If in the street I lodged the stranger, or
 Unto the trav'ller opened not my door,—
 Weigh'd in an even balance let me be,
 That God may know e'en my integrity.

Elihu.—I'm young and ye are old, therefore I stood
 And heard afraid, nor dar'd to utter word.
 Thou sayst, “ God putteth my feet in the stocks ;”
 Why strive against thy Maker ? God oft works
 These things with man to bring him back, from flight
 Pitward, to raise him to the living's light.
 He saith, be thou on earth, unto the snow,
 And bids the great rain of His strength to flow ;
 The hand of every man He up doth seal,
 And then, to wait, beasts in their dens do steal.
 By watering, He wearieeth the thick cloud,
 He scatters the bright clouds, which turn'd round, scud
 About, by his sage counsels to serve earth.
 Know'st thou when God the shining cloud gave birth ;
 Know'st thou the balancings of clouds ? how thy
 Garments are warm when winds southernly fly ?

Spreadst thou, which is like molten glass, the sky ?
 We cannot find out the Almighty. He
 Is excellent in judgment, majesty :
 Not He afflicts unjustly. He'll despise—
 Therefore fear Him—all who themselves deem wise.

Patience.—Behold, from heaven one cleaves the air, wind-borne,
 As though a star descending, glistening, shone !
 O'erpalming azure.

Mercy.— It is Raphael.
 He wings this way, fall back,—all hail.

Raphael.— All hail !

I mortal ears prepare to hear God's word,
 With whirlwind.

Chorus of Mortals.—Heaven, earth quakes, Lord, mercy, Lord !
 GOD.

Who dark'ning counsel without knowledge do I see.
 Gird up thy loosen'd loins, and speedy answer me.
 When I laid earth's foundations, mortal ! where wast
 thou ?
 Who laid the measure, and who stretch'd the line below ?
 Whence is it fasten'd ? say, who laid its corner-stone ;
 When, young, the morning stars with shouts of joy out-
 shone ?
 Who shut in doors the sea, when, as from womb it broke,
 Made clouds its garments, and the night its swaddling cloak,
 Said, come, oh, sea, no farther ; here thy proud waves stay ?
 Commandest thou the morning and the spring of day ?
 Hast entered thou the ocean's springs, didst ever roam
 Its hidden slimy depths ? where dwelleth light, where gloom ?
 Have e'er the gates of death been opened unto thee ?
 Hast thou beheld the doors of death, the shadowy ?
 Hast enter'd thou the treasures of the snow, of hail ?
 Who made the way for thunder, lightning, and the gale ?
 Ordereth rain for the wilderness, where man ne'er stood ?

To satisfy the ground, that forth might spring the bud ?
Who hath begot the rain and drops of dew ? from whom
Came ice, and gender'd hoary frost of heaven, whose womb ?
Will the sweet influences of Pleiades thee own ?

Bring forth Muzzaroth ! loose the bonds of Orion !
Canst guide Arcturus, with his bright sons, each a star ?
Will lightnings quickly say to thee, Lord, here we are ?
Say, who unto the heart hath understanding given ;
Who numbers clouds, and stays, in dearths, the bottles of
heaven ?

Who feeds the lion, young lion, and raven ? who
When wild goats of the rocks, and hinds bring forth, may
know ?

Who set the wild ass free whose home is in the wood
And wilderness ? he scorns the city's multitude ;
Whose pasture is the mountain range, where herbs grow
free ;

Will the horn'd unicorn valleys harrow for thee ?
Gav'st thou the peacock goodly wings ; exulting legs
To th' ostrich tall, who to the warm dust leaves her eggs ?
She scorns the horse and rider when she mounteth high ;
Giv'st thou the war-horse strength, light'st thou his fiery
eye,

Cloth'st thou his neck with thunder, whilst like storm-
bulg'd cloud,

His mane rolls on the trembling air : when snorting loud
The glory of his nostrils parted fierce and wide
Is terrible ; with haughty glance and dauntless stride
Proud of his speed and strength he paweth in the vale ;
He scents afar the coming battle on the gale ;
He goeth gaily forth to meet the armed men :
He mocks at fear, for danger on—still on doth strain.
Against his flanks the shield, spear glittering, quiver,
rattle ;

Unmov'd, disdainful, he beholds fire, sword, and battle ;
 With fierceness, courage he swalloweth up the ground.
 Not he believes or heeds the brazen trumpets' sound ;
 He, scornful, neighs mid charges, clamour of the war,
 Saith mid shouts, captains' thunderings, trumpets' clangs,
 Ha ! ha !

At thy command mounts up the hawk, or eagle high ?
 She makes her nest on rocks, on crags dwells, near the sky,
 There on her solitary height she far doth see ;
 Looking around for prey, and where the slain is she.
 Bedeck thy prostrate form with excellent majesty,
 With beauty, glory, now thy sackcloth'd limbs array.
 Lo ! Behemoth I made with thee, whose tail like cedars
 moves,

The mountains bring him food, shade him, mid reeds,
 thick groves,

Where 'neath the willows he drinks up a river, sooth !
 He thinks to draw up Jordan in his cavern'd mouth.
 Canst thou drag from the sea, with hook, Leviathan ?
 Will he serve thee, canst as with bird play with him ? can
 You feast on him, or bind him for your maids ? who'll
 spread

The doors of his face open ? his teeth'd jaws are dread.
 It seems that a close seal his mail-like scales confines ;
 He makes the worried deep boil like a pot ; there shines
 A yeasty path where he has past ; you'd think that there
 The troubled sea was hoary ; earth hath not his peer.
 That thou mayst righteous be, wilt thou dare me condemn ?
 Hast thou an arm like God, canst thunder, voic'd like Him ?

Earth's Spirits.—No more God's tones our sphere doth fill,

Earth, and her sister-worlds are still.—

Now Job, low bent, the silence breaks,

With clasp'd, uplifted hands, he speaks.

Job.—Thou canst do everything, oh, Lord, I see ;

I've utter'd things too wonderful for me.

Lord, I myself in ashes, dust, abhor.

GOD.

Against thee and thy fawning friends, Eliphaz, sore
My wrath is kindled, for ye fail'd to speak things wise
And right of Me as spake my servant Job. Arise
Therefore, and take seven bullocks and seven rams, for ye
Must straightway offer a burnt offering unto Me.
My righteous servant, Job, shall pray for ye ; his word
And him I will accept.

Eliphaz, Bildad, Zophar.— Have mercy, Lord !

Jemima.—Our father glows in light of The Ador'd.

Mercy.—I weep, but not such tears as Satan ; where
In swift retreat he darkens yonder sphere.

Patience.—Peace, Job, take now your rest. Oh ! Nevermore
Shall wake thy faithful heart through touch of sorrow,
Thy warfare is accomplish'd ; trials o'er ;
Blest shalt thou be till shines th' eternal morrow.

Chorus of Uzzites.—Job sheds a placid sheen, such sheds the
moon,

When faint from light on cloud-couch she doth swoon.

Mercy.—The woes of righteous men, if understood,
Are kindly shades cast by the wings of God ;
As love with wholesome chastisement descends.

Chorus.—Seven bullocks and seven rams now die—
Now on the sacred altar lie,
With odorous sweets the holy pyre,
Awaits the sacerdotal fire.

Mercy.—Rise, Job, lo ! By the altar stand your friends.

Job.—I wake as from a dream, and all seems new—
Our Father, who dwellest above
Yon arch'd cerulean sky :
Who sittest 'mid Immensity,
With Thy feet on space ;

On Thy throne
Alone.

First, unapproachable ; and e'er
Unknown save in Thy works of love ;
Oh ! Deign extend Thy pardoning grace
To these my friends, low bent in prayer.

Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar.—I feel upon my heart the spirit's
dew.

Chorus of Uzzites.—Let man for ever trust The Lord,
Rest ever in His Holy Word.
All may deceive, but that will never ;
All fades, but that endures for ever.
Oh ! Firm as mountains,
Oh ! Pure as fountains,
Is God's true love.

Chorus of Shepherds.—Bright as the starbeams,
Warm as the changeless sun ;
Full as the clear streams,
That ceaselessly run ;
Is God's true love.

Job.—Brethren, farewell, in solitude I'd raise
My soul ; alone pour out my bursting praise.

Chorus.—Farewell, our steps we'll to the city bend,
Where all will thee await, or hither wend.

Job.—Man may o'ercount the great sea's golden sands,
And he may count the orbs that pearl the sky ;
But he may count not boons God's open hands,
Afford Him without thanks, and crowd each day.

All.—Hark ! Hark ! Oh ! mercy, Lord.
The whirlwind went with rushing sound,
It shook the heavens, earth quak'd around ;
Thanks, Father loving and ador'd !

PART III.

(*Satan, on wing, approaching chaos*).

Satan.—A moving comet far ahead, I mark,
 Crossing and crossing still my path, it wings ;
 I view it through dim solitude. Hark ! hark !
 A distant voice—its rapid angel sings.

Angel.—The star-throng'd comet 'tis mine to guide ;
 And as along these worlds I glide,
 Feeding with light suns ancient, new,
 My trumpet-tongue forewarns these spheres,
 That evil, in its angel, nears
 A cloud that soils the beautiful blue.

An Angel.—A night in night, spreads round ; glooming, gloom-
 spheres ;
 And grow eclipsed yon border-suns ; mine ears
 Note sound of wings—the Prince of darkness nears—
 Down-shadowing lo ! the fallen archangel swoops :
 Alighting, dims, dim realm of surging gold !
 He savage, stern, looks round—his vast form stoops,
 As bent with anguish—now his huge head droops,
 And falls ; like a lost world, dimm'd, downward rolled.

Satan.—The voice has died. Oh, would my hate-fraught
 curse
 Could so make die, this deathless universe,
 That, falling in its ruins, me 'twould hide :—
 Yonder brood mighty spirits who preside
 O'er these unfinished spheres, dim, bulky, wide ;

They speak not, nor appear to look at me,
Yet feel I sure my shame they sneering see.
Let me more deep in chaos plunge, that none
Behold me : my second fall I'll bear alone.

Angel.—Now goes he raging o'er the turbid field,
Awaking thunders with his monstrous stride :
Behind him hung round-orbed, his moonlike shield,
Around, sheds pale circumference ghastly wide ;
While sloping, forward bent his mighty spear,
O'er the grim halo line abhorrent throws ;
From fillets loosed his heaps of cloudlike hair,
Sweeping his rugged breast, o'ershade his brows.
Still, as he moves, those locks like forests shake ;
When, gleams—like starlight arching dreary plains—
His once bright visage shattered by sinquake
To gulfs of woe—a chaos of all pains.
As surging wastes of the uniform'd he treads,
Around his feet their uproar louder spreads.—
Now, pois'd on wing, he pitchy seas doth skim,—
His form like realms of shadow dim grows—dim ;
As deeper, still, in gloom his gloom glooms o'er,
He flies ; now, his vast bulk that yet retires,
I scarce discern ; where o'er chaotic fires,
He hangs, like to a faintly reddened night :
And now as he pursues an upward flight,
His outspread wings o'er roof, like dusky dome
The dull-red spheres,—now undistinguished loom ;
Now stirs the empyrean obscure no more.
Darkness eclipses the archangel dark :
And the great gloom is moveless as before.
Ha ! From the opaque come Satan's groans. Hark !
hark !

Satan.—Ye gulf-like waves that roll in darkness round,
Seen not, heard only where eternal sound

In turmoil which ne'er wearies, thunders loud—
Regions of gloom ! in ye as in a cloud
I veil my shame. Fall'n Lucifer indeed,
Since vanquish'd by a mortal ! and since thus
What fears appal me of approaching day
Fatal to evil ; when oracles say
That woman's seed shall bruise the serpent's head !
Peace, peace, my troubled spirit ! It is not so :
The Uzzite conquer'd not ; angels prevail'd,
He delegated, whom the universe
Obeys on trembling knee. Yet, well I know
Their falsehood through the skies has wing'd ere now,
Saying " man has triumph'd over Lucifer !"
And spiteful heavens with joys the fraud have hail'd.
Oh ! Agony of shame, more vile to bear,
Than hell's red horrors !—Glooms of world-like height,

Ramparts of seething darkness chafe more high !
Shut from my vision happiness, and light !

In shades engulf me, so that e'en His eye
All-seeing, Who still must reign, beholds me not.
Albeit I know who shun its beams, own lot
Most miserable ; enduring woe, despair.
How like my fate to thine, oh ! Chaos ; where
Thy turbulent waves, tossing my prostrate form,
Around yawn black ! or, far in dimness looming ;

They, restless masses, heave on utmost coast
Of form ; and breaking, dash their surges, booming,

'Gainst firmaments, dark-vaulted, tremor-tost !
And welcome unto me their ceaseless storm :
Welcome this night where beams dim me no more ;
Where never broods His spirit, nor comes His eye ;
For in this laboratory of worlds unmade,
As parts consolidate, and purify ;
They outward move, obedient to felt laws ;

And on yon marge in bulks enormous, realms,
Incessantly are caught, resolv'd, and weigh'd ;
Then, course along towards light's attracting bourne,
Of nearest embryo-worlds the crescent dawn ;
To feed their elemental needs, as they
Cull thence, in dimness grow, neath glimmering ray
Their sun sheds, till God breathes the crowning light—
Then, spirit-hatch'd as 'twere, live in His sight :
Rapacious glory that with radiance whelms
All systems !—hence e'er reigns here deafening noise :
Huge turbulence ; and though I torture own,
Aware they move for new formations, joys ;
Yet they afford me savage pleasure ; drown
My inward thunders with rude havoc, loud.
But if, with dark uproarious solitude,
Are silenc'd self-upbraidings, cloak'd the scorn
Of peers ; yet is not lull'd my vengeful mood,
Thirst for man's ruin, hatred for his proud,
Exacting, Maker. Oh ! From me is gone
All good, and with it gone all bliss ; yet will
Its mocking shadow haunt my presence still.
For now—Prone on these tumbling billows laid—
I, upheav'd, mark o'er black realms far away ;
The utmost gaze of God on border-shade,
Fall like a calm, pure, peace-bedropping day ;
It glimmers, a pale line on darkness verge :
Where sunless firmaments dim, vaulting surge.
And well I feel how dismal is their doom,
Who shun His gaze, and hide in sin, self-gloom.
Oh ! Cursed be the quenchless pride, guile, hate,
Which yields me to rebellion, hell's sad state.—
Deep, deeper, let me plunge where dark realms roar,
Till, vestige faint of light, is seen no more.—
The billows, as I rise, in pits, profound,

Yawn, where I rest my hands, or outstretch'd arms ;
 Now as I mount they close with rushing sound :
 And jubilant, havoc round my lifted palms ;
 The vaulting glooms give place, as towers my head ;
 And, on my shoulders, weeping damps, thick shed.
 Oh ! Roofs of darkness that o'er-arch me ! as,

Envelop'd mid these shadowy regions wide,
 I stand on chaos' heaving waves. Alas !

Your vaulting glooms can hide me not ! not hide
 Me from myself. Still, let me flee : to where ?

Oh ! Not to peace : no matter, if from light
 And love, and joy. Woe, pain, remorse, where'er
 I go, attend my doleful, lonely flight.

THE CITY.

*(Job, surrounded by Wife, Daughters, Daughters-in-law,
 Sons-in-law, Friends, Citizens, Peasants).*

Chorus of Uzzites.—

When on his dazzling car enthroned in gold,

The glorious sun

Climbs the steep road of noon ;

Mid torrid glow,

Lashing his sultry teams, whose beam-eyes, rolled,

Dart o'er the empyrean fire :

Who, snorting, burning air suspire,

As up, they toil, and slow :

And halting oft, fatigu'd, droop cloudy mane ;

And, drinking oceans, thunders neigh ;

Whilst thongs of lightnings, urging, play

On their hot sides, that sweat round drops of rain.—

Oh ! Then, less glorious is the glorious sun,

Than when, his mighty labour done,

On sumptuous couch reclined in crimson west,

He views the day decline in glows :

When all is wrapt in deep repose,—

A varied-colour'd and still deepening rest.

Chorus of Shepherds.—The mountains, plains, groves, valleys,
rivers, seas,

Day's tasks concluded, smile in jubilant ease :

The camel dozes on the level sands ;

His driver, pensive leans, with listless hands ;

On meads enamell'd, muse the flocks and herds ;

Where silence harkens, lull'd by song of birds ;

Whilst clouds seem coted kine, on breezeless sky,

Chewing air-cud in rapt tranquillity!

All.— So, Job ; Judge, Priest, with all good rife,

In evening's hallow'd rest ;

Than when in toilsome noon of life,

Is fuller, deeper, blest.

Like to the sun round-orb'd declining,

In iris bright of hesper skies ;

His glory's grander, mellow-shining,

Securer, tried, more wise.

Chorus of Shepherds.—His wedded daughters, virtuous, bloom-
ing, throng,

Their lords the noblest, bravest in the land ;

His flocks, herds, camels, teeming all with young,

His numerous friends like pebbles on the strand ;

His laden beasts that throng the desert road,

Groaning with gifts from princes through the east—

All, all proclaim him honour'd man of God :

Who, seated in a clime of blessed rest ;

Looks backward on the good he did before,

As from contentment's golden pleasant shore.

All.—Hail ! Job, King, Prophet, Patriarch, Priest ;

Of God, the God of gods, the blest.

Job.—Uzzites beloved ! aright ye honour give,

Where honour's due ; to Him in whom we live,
 And move ; for vain is wretched man ; his doom
 Is brief, though nature lies him in the tomb.
 Soon on the ground the human flower falls,

Which unseen shower, and sunshine, high did
 rear ;

E'en glorious man : his marvellous leaves, as calls,
 The ghostly voice of death, drop earthward, sere,
 Like dying autumn's ; never more the wind
 May kiss them ; vernal sun no more may find
 Them, where unknown in earth's large grave they lie ;
 Down-trodden by those who live, yet live to die.
 So, generations sink and crowd this ball,—
 As wither'd foliage year by year doth fall—
 And there shall mingle till the final hour :
 When, each strewn leaf which form'd its mortal
 flower,

Though ate by beast, or swallow'd by the main,
 Sever'd by realms, shall seek its stem again.
 Then, earth will teem with life—one waving crowd,
 The beggar mingling with the monarch proud.
 Levell'd to nature ; station, wealth, shall yield,
 None, preference, then, in that expos'd wide field.

All.—Mysterious thing, oh ! Death,
 That follow'd straight the fall ;
 When Cain stay'd Abel's breath,
 Shadow, enwrapping all !

Job.—Look ! look !—mine eyes do roll in prophecy.—
 What visions wonderful are these I see ?
 A man hangs on a cross.—He bleeds—He dies.—
 His redden'd eyeballs close—low droops His head.—
 Pale, still, He hangs before the blacken'd skies ;
 Where multitudes of angels, gazing, shed
 Mute tears ; but earth regards not—behold, now,

Oh ! most mysterious of mysteries !
 He rises—gather'd nations, raptur'd, bow
 Before Him ; godlike power to Him is given.
 Amazement ! crowds unsumm'd He lifts to heaven.

Faith, Hope, Charity, Mercy, &c.—

Job, shrin'd in flesh God's Son you see,
 His faithful followers, like thee ;
 Oh ! Patient man must meekly bear :
 In woes behold The Father's care.
 Man ! oft adversity is good ;
 If eve spread not the shades of night ;
 Never, ye earth-chain'd mortals would,
 Gaze on the stars which preach in light.
 Choice wounds for grateful mood, are those
 Blest stripes, though, waking, groan and sigh ;
 Which ask God's hand their gaps to close :
 The tears He gently deigns to dry,
 Are sweetly shed ; they water seeds,
 Whence, heavenward grow, salvation's deeds.

Job.—Bright angels ! 'where'er shines your sightless sphere ;
 Whence, low or high, melodious tones we hear
 At dappled dawn, sunn'd noon, pale eventide ;
 As winnowing past, your wings like zephyrs glide—
 Whether on solid earth be your lov'd home ;
 Or high in air impell'd on clouds ye roam ;
 To guide the sun's swift steeds,—e'en circling hours ;
 Or paint the sunsets, low in western bowers ;
 Or scatter gems, and flowers, o'er broad earth ;
 Or tend the argent moon's lone ocean-birth ;
 Or, on eve's violet roof the stars to light ;
 Or rear the black pavilions of the night—
 Good angels, still watch o'er us, guard us, still ;
 Invite the good, and scare afar the ill.
 And spirits ! if as we deem at wonted time ;—

'Tis when no choral song of birds we hear,
 And 'neath snow-shroud the buried flowers lie drear—
 You leave our world, and seek heaven's courts sublime,
 Then, to our God, and yours, whom every fire
 Of heaven, and all that in them dwells, call Sire ;
 Make known our language-scorning gratitude ;
 For blessings round our path redundant strew'd :
 Will ye so favour us, oh ! Ever-bright,
 When ye revisit heaven—your land of light ?
Faith, Hope, &c.—Job, faithful, much-tried man ;
 There throbs no heart but God doth scan ;
 For though His inaccessible seat,—
 Lone centre of the universe !—
 Be realms from earth more vast and great ;
 Than lip of angel may rehearse,
 Or soul of mortal comprehend ;—
 Yet, nought exists which doth not wend
 Before His all-beholding eye :—
 No thought swells varied human breast,
 Nor wanders space one atomy ;
 Hid from that eye of sleepless rest.
 Albeit, space infinite, lies between
 Your star, and th' highest heaven serene ;
 Where like a tear beside a sea,
 Your earth, dim, low, hangs pendulous ;
 And worlds, small pebbles seem to be ;
 In regions stretch'd 'tween God, and us—
 Yet, whilst He scans, each inmost soul,
 He'll faintest supplication hear ;
 And deign'd He speech through space to roll,
 We'd note its thunder-music here.

GOD.

Job ! (*Mortals fall prostrate*). Job !
 Job.— Lord, Lord.

GOD.

Give ear ! Well-pleas'd, oh, man, I find,
On dimm'd and faithless earth, one wise and faithful mind.
Verily, verily, I say to you and all ;
I would that the whole world were such ; then painful shade,
Would cast no dimness, on your fair, and suffering ball ;
That bright, and very good, with mighty love, I made :
Nor, my paternal bosom feel, the unwonted throes,
Are mine, when gazing on the sorrows, pains, and woes,
Of man ; from Me, how fall'n ! But, Job, thy woes are o'er ;
Pain, and affliction, shall approach thee, never-more :
Mortal ! forbid fond memory, o'er thy sons to grieve ;
More blessed, they, than child of flesh, thou, canst conceive.
Not they, the joys of Time, imperfect, brief, regret :
Of that assur'd be thou ; for the mild-beaming star ;
Where they inhabit, yields delights, and hopes, that are
To earth's, like cloudless noons compar'd with hours, when set,
Your sun in oceans.—Wherefore weep, oh, Job ? I'd see
Radiant, My creatures all, their bliss is dear to me ;
Or this, my universe, I had not form'd so fair ;
So pregnant with all proffer'd pleasures, nor smil'd there
All-present beauty ; joyance would laugh everywhere ;
If sin had brought no frowns. Oh, man, know my delight
Is in all things of good, things beautiful, and bright :
The varied voice of earth, of ocean, and of air ;
Ay, all that doth inhabit them, could ye but hear ;
Would, mortals ! speak me thus : mighty Behemoth, would ;
Leviathan, who, blowing, sportful roams the flood ;
Your sun, that joyous walks, the burnish'd road, of noon ;
The tender moon, the stars—pale handmaids of the moon ;
Orion, Sirius, Pleiades ; and worlds your eye,
Never beholds that, thronging, crowd immensity,
All sing my love : fair, light, my love outbreathes, in glow,
My emanation : breathes my love the azure bow,
Skyward ; proclaims my love, the fair o'erpainted earth ;

With gems, and trees, and flowers for variegated girth :
 Seen, or for vision too minute, those bright gay things
 That crawl your world, unsumm'd, or roam with free glad
 wings,

The brilliant air ; whose life is one brief, pangless day ;
 Who, with a momentary pang, do pass away ;
 Proclaim it : wealth of ore, or marble, that I stor'd,
 Foreseeing all your needs ; from which large varied hoard,
 You cities rear ; with taste bestowed and reason cull
 Therefrom, thence form the useful work, or beautiful ;
 All sing my love. Oh ! man, I name not, for rewards,
 These things : what can ye Me return, frail, self-nam'd lords
 Of some few leagues, or beasts, for a poor fleeting hour ?
 You own them, e'en as owns the soil, the short-liv'd flower ;
 Suchwise, ye bloom a time, and like it, sow your seed ;
 Both soon droop low on earth the fragile faded head :
 And know in power ye're equal in My sight ; the rose
 That by yon tranquil river, fragrance-laden blows ;
 Or tender moss, where on yon altar meek it grows ;
 To Me are great and powerful, oh ! man, as you ;
 Soon, I alone will know, where either sprang, and grew.
 As your unfallen forefather paces paradise,
 'Neath Eden's boughs before Me now ; so doth arise
 The thornless parent of the rose, when first time bid
 Awake ; it rais'd to primal dawn, the pink eye-lid.
 No, not for recompense I name these things ; your love
 I ask, so mankind ! towards ye, My benevolence prove.
 Nor, were that love from Me withheld ; dimmed not a night
 Of ignorance, and vice, the soul's pure heaven-born light :
 That darkness sad, whence rose those cruel rites, when low,
 The heathen, to grim idols—gods, called falsely,—bow ;
 Monsters, my image deemed. Oh ! strange ! Oh ! grief !
 that mind,

I form'd, should so degenerate become, so blind,
 To shape me thus. Me, bliss and love ; Me, who alone

In bright benignant nature e'er stands visible ;
 Beheld in flower, gem, sunbeam, dewdrop, starry zone :
 Would you behold Me, man ! then gaze on beautiful,
 Free, happy nature ; and look in thyself : where'er
 Arises thought good, noble, pure, know I am there,
 Present, as now, where on My Throne, what space afar
 From ye, I sit and gaze on earth, benighted star.
 If pleas'd Mine eye on desert rests, 'tis where, adorn
 The palm its sands, and shade the traveller way-worn ;
 Rearing before the sun, its foliage-woven shields ;
 And where, the silent well, its crystal offering yields :
 When on the pathless wilderness, where wild thing reigns,
 I gaze ; 'tis on its harmless young, not where remains
 Of prey bestrew the wilds ; if on the salt, air-purging sea,
 Though all I made I love full well, yet there for Me
 The dolphin yields most charms, as gay and glad it glides ;
 Or gleams in coral grot, beneath warm gorgeous tides.
 Your plains of wid'ning culture, and your growing towns ;
 The snow-capped mount which dwellings thinly-scatter'd owns,
 Yield nought so grateful, nought so sweet to Me, as where
 The voice of joy, and love, and peace ascends mine ear ;
 But from the unnatural, brute-like shout of monstrous war
 I turn ; such slaughter, deem'd huge murder, do abhor.
 Therefore, think not, oh ! man, My pleasure wrought when
 thou

Felt that o'erwhelming pang, probationary woe.
 Nor had such been permitted, but that 'twas foreknown
 Thoud'st rise superior to thy trials, which, being gone,
 Would leave thee two-fold bless'd. Enough, thy griefs are past ;
 Not so thy happiness, that evermore shall last.
 And, thus shall move My plan, with all the human race ;
 Man fell from Me, his God, yet My compelling grace,
 Shall to a more than pristine state, when past time's curse,
 Raise him, in My e'er-glorifying universe.

Faith, Hope, &c.—Now, hush'd is all—now comes no more,

In mighty melody, our Father's voice ;
 Now, still in deep and holy awe,
 Are worlds, that to their centres did rejoice.
 Alas ! we see not heaven, yet know
 Glitter unnumbered harps before the Throne ;
 We see them not, yet 'mid the glow
 Around Thee, God, bless'd multitudes kneel prone.
 Too far Thy Throne, for spirit's ear
 To catch aught sounds, save when Thou deign'st speak,
 Lord.

Yet know we myriads hymn Thee there ;
 Since Thou to mankind pardon deign'st accord.

Faith.—Hark, hark ! I hear angelic tones,
 Not yet distinct, in spheres o'erarching, grow ;
 Descending still to lower zones,
 Harmonious floods, in swelling billows flow.

Angels in high spheres.—From circle of the universe,
 More near the Central Throne than us,
 Archangel's voice aloud proclaims,
 Messiah's descent from utmost height.

Other Angels.—He wings to earth ; and Ardours, Flames,
 In curving throngs, attend His flight.

Angels in lower spheres.—Spirits, what high descending blaze
 Dazzles our raptur'd upturn'd gaze ?

Angels in lower spheres.—Messiah behold ! His glory cleaves
 Our fading, and still fading light ;
 It surges downward, and He leaves
 In dazzled spheres a rich twilight.

Angels in lower spheres.—Among our worlds of orient ray,
 Messiah, flashing heaven's day,
 Descends, with His archangels round ;
 And grows His train as down He flies,
 Awaking spheres with rushing sound ;
 And brightening under-skies.

Faith, Hope, &c.—Oh ! ravishment. The Lord, Messiah,

Comes like a firmament of fire,
 With seraphs starr'd innumerable ;
 Which hide the blue, as with one beam.
 Christ's wings, o'erarching, beautiful,
 From end to end of heaven stream.
 They halt above—on either hand
 Part hosts—amid them lone doth stand ;
 The express image of our Sire.
 We kneel on clouds, now dark from light :
 Why visit'st Thou this star of night ?
 Deign say, adored, divine Messiah !

Messiah.—As sovereign of this sphere and man, ye know,
 Lov'd Spirits ! I sometimes visit earth ; do now,
 To grace its hymn, that shall to God ascend :
 When yonder mortals, who to earth now bend
 Arise, they'll utter praise ; then everything
 That moves upon this star, of fin, foot, wing,
 Will join the song magnificent ; ay, all
 Height, depth, or breadth, all creatures of this ball.
 And whilst the harmony thrills zone, and zone ;
 God will deign list, in heaven, on glory's throne.

Earth's Spirits.—God, God ! seen and heard everywhere,
 In mighty works, or still small voice ;
 Because, though zones from us, Thou'rt near,
 Hear'st and behold'st us, we rejoice.

Messiah.—Bright angel-chiefs ! Oh ! Michael, Gabriel,
 Your wingèd cohorts, yet more sideward wheel ;
 Nor in this dim part of the universe,
 May cloud, or angel float, 'tween heaven and us.
 World-lin'd, a vista stretches, from the abode
 Of man, to heaven—and towards us gazes God.

GOD.

Be silent, spheres around Me, mortal Job doth rise !
 Join far-off earth's great hymn, her sister-worlds and skies !
Job.—Heaven, earth, wife, children, friends, Uzzites, I ye

Invoke. On thee, Oh ! universe, I call.
 Lend aid, that my joy-frenzied soul I free
 In uttering praise to Him, who doleth all.
 Ye floods, oh ! clap aloud, your hollow hands ;
 And in your grand dance, on the tawny sands,
 My inexpressible joy, oh ! aid.

Earth's Spirits.— Each flood,
 In billowy tones, roars loud.

Job.—Aid me, in varied beauty, oh ! ye trees !—

Earth's Spirits.— Forests, o'er earth,
 Stir, murmuring, solemn mirth,

Job.—With boughs wav'd to and fro in choral breeze
 On Libanus, in Syrian glade.

Oh ! fragrant flowers, earth's widespread brow enwreathing—
Earth's Spirits.—All flowers their fair heads raise,
 With sweet breath utter praise,

Job.—Sweetening her every clime, whilst incense breathing ;
 And brightening earth, with varied leafy rays,
 Aid me to utter forth my praise.

Ye hoary and sublime sky-piercing mountains !—
Earth's Spirits.—Mountains high,

Swell the mighty symphony,
Job.—In clime of grand repose, so dumb and still,
 With your pine-shaded and down-flowing fountains
 And cedar-roofed, e'er murmuring rill,
 My song oh ! join, with choral melodies ;
 Breathe your great music up, yon skies !

Praise, praise the Lord !
 Rivers that glide from mountain's misty brow,
 And thread with silver, verdant plains below,
 In soft meander, or voluminous roll ;
 Oh ! aid the outpourings of my soul !

Awake adoring chord.
Earth's Spirits.—All rivers swell the growing song,
 Where over earth they roar along,

Job.—And ye far-stretching plains, now gold, now blue,
 Dotted with spired and glistening marble towns,
 Where teeming vine and fig-tree charm the view,
 And surge the cultur'd fields, or spread the downs.
 Be vocal all !

Earth's Spirits.—From plains arise
 Man-bidden harmonies.

Job.—Oh ! thou great sun, that shin'st in splendour high,
 Beneath the more than wonted dazzling sky,
 To thee I call !

Sing on thy golden throne of noon.—

Earth's Spirits.—With flaming breath, through all his sphere,
 the sun,
 Chants laud in glowing unison.

Job.— Oh ! moon !
 Amid the stars innumerable ;
 In regnant calmness, central, lone,
 Imbibe my warmth, with adorations swell.

Earth's Spirits.—The moon—her strain is calm—
 Beneath the horizon swells the enlarging psalm.

Job.— Stars !
 That in the universe's azure dome
 Shine undecaying, ever-brilliant spars ;
 Oh ! bright eternal daisies, that e'er bloom
 In blue, immortal meadows of the sky :—
 Ye worlds so small, because so far and high,
 Running your grand celestial race,
 Through unconceived, immeasurable space ;
 Through unconceived, immeasurable space ;
 Ye, and all things that ye contain,
 Awake ! Awake ! Swell loud, more loud, my burdening
 strain.

Earth's Spirits.—The hymn grows universal, lo !
 The worlds, in every sphere, aglow,
 Accompanying righteous mortal's praise,
 Their mighty voices raise.

GOD.

Oh ! universe, well-pleas'd, thy Sovereign Lord doth hear.

Job.—But chiefly thou, arise,

Oh ! man ; in grateful, deep-felt, homage rise,

Confess the goodness of the skies,

The blessings which around ye come and go.

Earth's Spirits.—Not much the deafening song

Is swelled by human throng.

Job.—Man ! Earth ! As in the fulness far of time,

Uplifted, I foresee, sublime,

The Son of man, and, yet, of God the Son ;

I call on peoples, lands—ay, everyone.

Messiah.—Father, deign hark ! From redeem'd multitudes

Burst forth the rolling music-floods.

GOD.

Belov'd Son ! pleas'd, I list the sav'd in mundane sphere.

Job.—I ask creation lift one general voice.

Rejoice, rejoice, and still rejoice !

Incarnate God,

Is offered there :

The Lamb, the immaculate Lamb, has stood

Before the Father's wrath, with prayer.

Man ! man ! man ! forth with adorations break—

The universe with thanks awake.

Through rolling years, all moments, nights and days,

With jubilant adorations swell ;

Mute or aloud, still, still, still utter praise,

Thanksgivings ceaseless, never-wearied tell.

Ah ! when your upraised spirits overflow

In gratitude for joys ye know :

Oh ! man, remember one is thine,

Excelling all vouchsafed to ye,

As human is excell'd by the divine—

Immortal joy, redeem'd eternity.

Messiah.—Glory to Thee, holy, eternal Sire !

GOD.

Lov'd Son, I'm pleased with hymn adorings sweet, inspire.

Chorus of Uzzites and Shepherds.—Tears bedew Job's eyes.

Chorus of Wife, Daughters, and Friends.—

Suffus'd, they weep joy's rhapsodies.

Job.— And yet once more.

All worlds, earth, nations, everything,

Oh ! universe, I call on ye again,

Unto Jehovah glorious praises sing.

The God of all the gods adore, adore !

In one huge anthem, one all-mingling strain ;

With me an universal voice upraise—

A nothing-silent chord—

To Him, let burst forth shouts of rolling praise,

Who made what was, is, shall be, with His word.

All Angels.— Hallelujah !

GOD.

My creatures, pleas'd, in heaven I hear, upon My Throne.

Job.—I feel, that from amid the universe ;

Where, central-throned, God gazes down on us :

And that creation heaves one music-flood,

Rolling its waves up yonder unto God.

All Angels.— Hallelujah !

Job.—My soul ! I soar above the earthly zone.

All Angels.— Hallelujah !

Faith.—What peals ! Transcendent peals !

The universe with music reels.

One harmony—save where fall'n angels groan.

And Satan hides in glooms of chaos, lone.

Job and all Angels.—Hallelujah !



